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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE GLORY THAT'S FADED.

S'mid in the west the last beams of the sun
Still linger'd in bronts ere night is begun:
Yet soon shall those rays of refulgence retire,
That glory be faded, those splendours expire.

But soon the dominion of night shall be past,
And short is the time that her empire shall last;
Soon the splendours of morn shall rekindle anew,
And the glory that's faded shall brighten again.

The meteor beams on the darkness of night,
And glows for a moment with treacherous light;
Yet soon shall its transient effulgence be o'er,
And the glory that faded shall brighten no more.

So the sun of religion, tho' darkness o'erspread,
And tempests of sorrow condense o'er his head,
When the clouds of temptation have taken their flight,
Shall brighten forever in regions of light.

While the false fading splendor that brightens the face
Of the votaries of guilt, soon shall sink in disgrace;
The mode shall decay, which the countenance wore,
And the glory that faded shall brighten no more.

ARCOLO.

SONNET,

ON A WITHERED WREATH.

I saw the flowers entwin'd, behold them wove
By fairy fingers in a blooming wreath;
And she was beautiful, as infant love,
Who pluck'd them sparkling from the dew-bright heath.

She seem'd the blooming goddess of the morn,
As she, most lightly, happily along;
And as the passing breeze was gently born
Her happy, innocent and lark-like song.

The wreath is blighted—as those flowers died,
So died that maiden of angelic brow;
I saw them perish, and I sadly cried
Those plants, that lovely one, where are they now,
And then methought to relish all things bright,
As day is banished by the gloom of night.

SELIM.

THE LAST PATRIOT

Of those who signed the Declaration of Independence.

Where are those great immortal sires,
Who rul'd the western world,
Whose daring hands with flaming brands,
Proud usurpation hurl'd;
And where are those whose deeds divine,
Live on the eternal scroll,
Whose names shall shine
On Freedom's shrine,
While endless ages roll

Illustrious souls ye dwell on high,
In Heaven's celestial halls,
But ne'er shall shame
Eclipse your fame,
Till Freedom's fabric falls.
Ye brilliant suns whose light we prize,
Gone down the sky of time,
Ye doth arise
In other skies,
To dance with light sublime.

Soon shall the last illustrious star
From glory sink in gloom;
But Freedom's light
Shall gild the night
That clouds Columbia's tomb.
His monument shall joy impart
To him who reads his name;
Unbuilt by art,
Within the heart
Shall live his deathless fame.

Not one erring of all the band
Who in Columbia's cause,
Redeem'd in fight
The rule and right
Of liberty and laws,
Will here remain, but long enroll'd
On Fame's parchment page shall stand,
Bright to behold
In burnish'd gold,
The names of Freedom's band.

Of all the sages none remain
But patriot Carrol, he
Weigh'd down by time
Mid scenes sublime,
Stands like an aged tree;
Where Franklin sleeps, and Washington
Lies in his country's tomb,
He soon must rest
By mildews blest
A sad tho' glorious doom.

Milford, Del. MILFORD BARD.

INSCRIBED TO C——

SELECTED.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or if, from their slumber the evil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence and close it again.
O! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.
From them and thy innocent beauty first came,
The new feelings that taught him true love to adore,
To feel thy bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he darkly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou earn'st like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And if happiness purely and glowingly smil'd
On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.
And tho' sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanished away.

As the priest of the sun, when the altar grew dim,
At the day beam alone, could its lustre repair,
So if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile and rekindled it there.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ROMANTIC.

There is always an interest and pleasure arising from the contemplation of nature. The rapid progress of vegetation, in spring, the maturity of summer, and the regular industry that is requisite to cultivate every crop; to plant, to sow, and to reap; the mingled hum of voices, the lowing of cattle, and the bleating of sheep, as they pasture in the luxuriant meadows; while the birds free and restless as the breeze that fans them, sing sweetly in every tree: Mountains, woods, streams, and valleys, all have an enchantment about them that few can behold with indifference.

Once, at a twilight hour—(the hour I love most,) I was sitting at the foot of a high shelving of rocks, enjoying the beauty of the scene—when an object uncouth, and scarcely human, passed me. My fancy conjured up a phantom, a spirit of those lower realms, that had ascended for some unhallowed purpose. I was almost paralyzed with fear. I could not speak, and to move was impossible; till the innocence of my own heart assured me I had nothing to fear. By degrees I was sufficiently composed to observe attentively the movements, and appearance of that mysterious being. He bore a slight resemblance to the human family, but not enough to constitute him a member, which confirmed my first opinion. I had from my childhood been in the habit of hearing ghost stories, and the fantastic appearance they often exhibited.

This supposed ghost, or demon was habited in black. His hat was small in the brim, but increased in the crown till it had the appearance of an inverted *dry tub*; (I have since understood it was a bell *crowned hat*.) His waist was so small, that a Taylor might have cut him in two with his shears, as I have seen old women cut wasps. His shoulders and hips were extended to an enormous size. His boots were too small for the size of the feet: (but a ghost could bear any thing.) There was a blueness about his mouth, and his eyes appeared wild, and starting out of their sockets, from too tight lacing. In one hand he carried an optic glass, and in the other a cane. His progress was very slow—every stone and unevenness in the ground was an impediment to him. He had chosen a wild scene for his wanderings, and frequently stopt as if gasping for breath. At other times he would look attentively through his glass at the surrounding objects. At length a large bunch of *briars* became tangled in the skirts of his coat, and in his vain attempts to extricate himself, his foot slipt, and he fell into a ditch that was close by. I started, and the first impulse was to run to his assistance, but a moment's consideration induced me to stay. If he were a man he could call for assistance, and if a ghost he would need none. Directly after, some farmers who had been pitching hay in an adjoining field, came along with their pitchforks, and hearing a commotion in the road, stept up to see what was the matter. There was a convulsive motion in the hands and feet, but the body was a dead weight, that I concluded the ghost was about to depart, and leave his clothes behind him. The countrymen did not know what to make of him. But one of them, (a bold fellow) said, "I guess almost we mought turn him over with our pitchforks." As soon as they touched him with the pitchforks, the object in black screamed out in a hoarse rattling tone, "Zounds!" which so terrified them they ran off, supposing him to be the D——l. The news spread like wild fire, and the neighbours soon collected in a body and went to the ditch to see the gentleman in black. No one had courage enough to venture too near, till the tavern keeper came, who immediately recognised the fallen man to be his guest, the great Mr. *Whip Sillabub*, from Philadelphia, and lifted him out, and even then he would have died, if the Doctor had not ordered his corset laces to be cut. Mr. Whip Sillabub was a sentimental. He had fled from the distracting bustle of the city to enjoy rural scenery, and see the country girls. From that time I have never believed in ghosts.

NORA.

PARTICULAR PEOPLE.

Reader! didst ever live with a *particular* lady? one possessed, not simply with the spirit, but the demon of tidiness? who will give you a good two hours lecture upon the sin of an untied shoe-string, and raise an hurricane about your ears on the enormity of a fractured glove!—who will be struck speechless at the sight of a pin, instead of a string, or set a whole house in an uproar, on finding a book on the table instead of in the book case! Those who have had the misfortune to meet with such a person, will know how to sympathize with me. Gentle reader! I have passed two whole months with a particular lady. I had often received very pressing invitations to visit an old schoolfellow, who is settled in a snug parsonage about fifty miles from town; but something or other was continually occurring to prevent me from availing myself of them. "Man never is, but always to be cursed." Accordingly, on the 17th of June, 1826, (I shall never forget it, if I live to the age of old Parr) having a few spare weeks at my disposal, I set out for my friend's residence. He received me with his wonted cordiality; but I fancied he looked a little more care-worn than a man of thirty might have been expected to look, married as he is to the woman of his choice, and in the possession of an easy fortune.—Poor fellow! I did not know that his wife was a precisian—I do not employ the term in a religious sense. The first hint I received of the fact was from Mr S., who, removing my hat from the *first* peg in the hall to the *fourth*, observed "Mrs. S. is a little *particular* in these matters: the first peg is for my hat, the second is for William's, the third for Tom's, and you can reserve the fourth, if you please for your own; before, you know, she set like to have their arrangements interfered with." I promised to do my best to recollect the order of precedence with respect to the hats, and walked up stairs with an awful veneration for a lady who had contrived to impose an *rigid* a discipline on a man, formerly the most disorderly of mortals, mentally resolving to obtain her favour by the most studious observance of her wishes. I might as well have determined to be Emperor of China! Before the week was at an end I was a lost man. I always reckon myself tolerably tidy; never leaving more than half my clothes on the floor of my dressing room, nor more than a dozen books about the apartment I may happen to occupy for an hour. I do not lose more than a dozen handkerchiefs in a month; nor have more than a quarter of an hour's hunt for my hat or gloves whenever I am going out in a hurry. I found all this was but as dust in the balance. I might as well have expected to be a contributor to the Literary Souvenir, because I could write "joining-hand." The first time I sat down to dinner I made a horrible blunder; for, in my haste to help my friend to some asparagus, I pulled the dish a little out of its place, thereby deranging the exact hexagonal order in which the said dishes were arranged.—I discovered my mishap on hearing Mr. S. sharply rebuked for a similar offence; secondly, I sat half the evening with the cushion a full finger's breadth beyond the same work of my chair—and what is worse, I do not know that I should have been aware of my delinquency if the agony of the lady's feelings had not, at length, overpowered every other consideration—and at last burst forth with "Excuse me Mr——, but do pray put your cushion straight; it annoys me beyond measure to see it otherwise." My third offence was displacing the snuffer-stand from the central position between the candlesticks; my fourth leaving a pamphlet I had been perusing on the piano-forte, its proper place being a table in the middle of the room, in which all books in present use were ordered to repose; my fifth,—but in short, I should never have done, were I to enumerate every separate enormity of which I was guilty. My friend S.'s drawing room had as good a right to exhibit a placard of "Steel Traps and Spring Guns," as any park I am acquainted with. In one place you were in danger of having your leg snapped off, and in another your nose. There never was a house so atrociously neat; every chair and table knew its duty; the very chimney ornaments had been "trained up in the way they should go," and woe to the unlucky wight who should make them "depart from it." Even those chartered libertines, the children and dogs, were taught to be as demure and hypocritical as the mistress's tabby cat herself; who sat with her fore feet together and her tail curled round her as if she had been worked in an ottoman, instead of being a living animal. It was the utmost stretch of my friend's martial authority to get his favourite spaniel admitted to the honors of the parlour; and even this privilege is only granted in his master's presence. If Carlo happens to pop his unlucky brown nose into the room when S. is from home, he sets off directly with as much consciousness in his ears and tail as if he had been convicted of larceny in the kitchen, and anticipated the application of the broom stick. As to the children, Heaven help them! I believe that they look forward to their evening visit to the drawing-room with much the same sort of feeling. Not that Mrs. S. is an unkind mother, I should rather say, not that she means to be so; but she has taken it into her head, that "preachee and flaggee too" is the way to bring up children; and that as young people have sometimes short memories, it is necessary to put them verbally in mind of their duties,

From night till morn, from morn to dewy eve.

So it is with her servants; if one of them leaves a broom or a duster out of its place a second, she hears it for a month afterwards. I wonder how they endure it—I have sometimes thought that from long practice they do not heed it—as a friend of mine who lives in a bustling street in the city, tells me he does not hear the infernal noise of the coaches and carts in the front of his house, nor of a confounded brazier, who hammers away in his rear from morning till night. The worst of it is, that while Mrs. S. never allows a moment's peace to her husband, children, or servants, she thinks herself a jewel of a wife; but such jewels are too costly for every day wear. I am sure poor S. thinks so in his heart, and would be content to exchange half a dozen of his wife's tormenting good qualities, for the sake of being allowed a little commonplace repose.

I never shall forget the delight I felt on entering my own house, after enduring the thraldom for two months. I absolutely revelled in disorder, and gloried in my litters.—I tossed my hat one way, my gloves another; pushed all the chairs into the middle of the room, and narrowly escaped kicking my faithful Christopher, for offering to put it "in order" again. That cursed "spirit of order!" I am sure it is a spirit of evil omen to S. For my own part, I do so execrate the phrase, that if I were a member of the House of Congress, and the *order* of the day were called for, I should make it a rule to walk out. Since my return home, I have positively prohibited the use of the word in my house; and nearly quarrelled with an honest poulterer, who has served me for the last ten years, because he has a rascally man, who will persist in snuffling at my door (I hear him now from my parlour window.) "Any order this morning?" Confound the fellow! that is his knock. I will go out, and offer him half a dollar to change his phrase!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"I have seen a fanciful dream," says Mr. Addison, in one of his Guardians, "written by a Spaniard, in which he introduces the person of Death, metamorphising himself like another Proteus, into innumerable shapes and figures, to represent the fatality of Fevers and Agues with many other distempers, and accidents that destroy the life of man. Death enters first of all in a body of fire, a little after he appears like a man of snow, then rolls about the room like a cannon ball, then lies on the table like a gilded pill; after this he transforms himself of a sudden into a sword, then dwindles successively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair. The Spaniard by this allegory," continues that ingenious writer, "represents the many assaults to which the life of man is exposed, and lets his reader see there is scarce any thing in nature, so very mean and inconsiderable but that it is able to overcome him, and lay his head in the dust." When we consider the innumerability of the ministers of death, the thousand casualties and diseases by which life is assailed, we cannot but wonder at the credulity with which we indulge the expectation of longevity; and at the whole engrossment of our thoughts by the tawdry gew gaws, and tinselled pageantries of life, scarce bestowing a thought upon our latter end; we look upon the obsequies of the stranger with cold indifference, and turn away from them to scenes of folly and dissipation, with as much thoughtlessness of death as though we could claim an exemption from mortality. The untimely visitation of death upon a near friend in the bloom of youth, vigour, and vivacity, may for a time arouse us from our comeditative levity, to sober contemplation, but we soon relapse into our wonted immeditation; presumptuous of the vigour of health and elasticity of limbs, we persuade ourselves to procrastinate these reflections upon death, until the debility and infirmities of age warn us of its approach; thoughtless that those limbs which now bound with vigour and agility, to morrow may be unnerved with disease; and the soul to day revelling in the promises of hope, and meditating schemes of grandeur, to-morrow may "be dispossessed of its terrestial tabernacle," for

Ah! in what perils is vain life engaged,
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
The hardiest frame! of indolence, of toil
Wearie, of want of superfluity,
The all surrounding heaven, the vital air
Is big with death.

And although the constant meditation upon our mortality may be as inconsonant with the duties of social life as its total absence, yet however, the frequent contemplation of death disarms its final approach of half its terrors, adds a strength to virtue, and by exposing the follies and vanities of life, gives us a happy equanimity of temper which none of the vicissitudes of fortune, whether adverse or propitious, can elate or depress.

Nothing can more reconcile us to the fragility of our nature, than a conviction of the truth, and a conformity with the precepts of the gospel; what can be more buoyant to the soul sickened with the gaudy scenes of life, and contemplating its flight from its clay tenement, than the pleasing hope of futurity; or to whom can the angel of death come arrayed in more terrors than to the sceptic wretch tottering upon the verge of eternity, contemplating his utter annihilation, or the more dreadful thought of endless torments.

I would therefore recommend the setting apart of an hour in each day to these serious reflections; in adversity they will prove consolatory, and in prosperity they will teach us prudence and moderation.

O.

From the American Farmer.

THE WIFE.

To a fond and confiding girl, few hours in life are so full of buoyancy and hope, of kindness and affection, as those of courtship; and few, it may be truly said, are so important to her future welfare and happiness. In her lover she too often sees all that is worthy and respectable in man; the ardour of her affection softens the most offensive traits of character, and obliterates all minor failings. Whatever she may have collected from poetry, is brought in aid of her imagination, which pictures, in the most glowing colours, the character of a husband; and her affection persuades her that in her lover she has found a perfect representative of this ideal picture.

In dreams of confidence in the prudence of her choice, and delightful anticipations of succeeding years of affection and happiness, she is led to the altar, and how often, alas! does one short year bring home to her aching bosom the sad reality of the falsity and emptiness of all her hopes of mutual love, tender assiduity and lasting affection. Yesterday, the lover was all attention, and love marked every action; to day, the husband is cold, distant, and neglectful, preferring the company of the worthless and dissipated to that of her, who, a few days since, he flattered himself was dearer to him than all the world beside.

I can hardly picture to myself a situation more truly heart rendering and deplorable, than that of a female who has found every want anticipated, and every reasonable wish gratified under the paternal roof, and has left it with the warm confidence of youth, to repose on the bosom of affection; but finds her confidence betrayed, her affection slighted, and herself, with a helpless offspring, left to struggle with unkindness, poverty and want. Such, alas! is too often the case in this world of uncertainty, where we find, mixed with the kindest blessings of our Heavenly Father, evils which almost stagger our strongest faith.

In my boyish days, when every thing was bright and sunny, and pleasure sported in beautiful perspective before me, I sometimes wandered to a neighbouring farm house, to pass an idle hour with its lovely and innocent inmates, who were as thoughtless and cheerful as myself. Among these beautiful girls was one more advanced in age than the rest, whose modesty and blooming beauty was the admiration and envy of the village throng. Twenty winters have passed over my head, since I saw her sporting on the green, and yet, at this distant day, I cannot recollect her sylph-like form, sprightly manner, and her affectionate smile without a thrill of delight.

Eliza's hand had been often solicited by her equals, and even by those whose fortunes were much superior to her own, but none were able to win her heart. About her twentieth year, she met at a friend's, a young gentleman who had recently come to reside in the neighborhood; his figure was elegant, his features regular, and his whole appearance such, as, at first sight, was calculated to excite the affections of a young, inexperienced and susceptible girl. He was flippant, bold, and even boisterous; which, to one little acquainted with the world, might indicate a great degree of spirit, but it was, in fact, nothing but the ebullition of an irritable and petulant temper. To this man Eliza became most passionately attached—he offered her his hand, and it was accepted, in opposition to the advice and entreaties of her parents.

It was about this time I left the paternal roof, and new scenes and increasing cares almost obliterated the beautiful Eliza from my recollection.

During one of the inclement nights of our New England winters, I was called to an obscure part of the city, to visit, professionally, a poor and helpless wretch who was pining with disease produced by intemperance. As I sat by the bed of the sufferer, I heard, in an adjoining room, the voice of a female, pleading, with one who appeared to be the employer of her husband. "For heaven's sake," she said, "do keep back every cent you can of his earnings; not a shilling that enters his pocket ever finds its way here. The tippling shop and tavern take all—it is hard, and, perhaps, wrong, to speak of one's husband thus. The time was when I did not believe it possible; but what am I to do, where am I to seek sustenance, clothing and fuel for these, my freezing and starving children? But my, dear sir," she continued, her sobs almost suffocating her, "this is but a small part of what I suffer. Oh! I could sustain myself under poverty and want; I could live with him cheerfully and affectionately under all vicissitudes of fortune, if I could only receive the love and kindness which is a wife's due."

I enquired the name of her who had so strongly excited my sympathy; in a moment the beautiful Eliza flitted before my mind—she, who at twenty years was so beautiful, so affectionate and so happy, that angels might almost have envied her lot. I arose with an indistinct feeling that I should meet something which my youthful mind was wont to contemplate with such delight. I entered the room, but what did I see?—the shadow of her whose early dawn was the promise of earthly bliss. Would to God it had never been my lot to have thus encountered her, who, in youth, had left such a magic and undying spell on my mind.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN ODD VOLUME.

"The shades of evening were beginning to fall, when a little skiff, with every sail set, was seen flying across the frith. The moment the shallop touched the opposite shore, a youth in the dress of a page sprung on land, and ran with the speed of lightning to the castle of Dinnibirsle. His shout and cries soon awakened the domestics, who, fearing no danger from an unattended youth, admitted him within the walls, and moved by the earnestness of his entreaties, consented to carry to the earl his petition for an interview. The request was instantly granted, and the youth was marshalled to the presence of the earl, who was sitting near a window which looked out on the silver waves of the Forth which lay between him and his beloved, on whom his thoughts rested. Moray held in his hand a flaxen ringlet, which, on the near approach of the page, he hid again in his bosom. 'Good youth,' said the earl in a sweet and gentle tone, 'your mission seems one of haste and urgency. I pray that you bring no evil tidings. Come you from Holyrood? Is all well there?' 'Noble Moray,' replied the page, 'stay not to question. Fly, I implore you—delay is ruin—hesitation destruction! Oh, leave this place—seek safety in the woods, before your destroyers come.' 'What frenzy is this, boy? Fly from my castle? Wherefore? What danger threatens?' 'The worst of dangers: a revengeful foe armed with power. Last night Bothwell broke into the palace, and attempted to seize the king. It is said that you also were among them, and your enemies are even now on their way to drag you before the king to answer this charge.' 'Let them come,' replied Moray proudly. 'I will accompany them and vindicate my honour.' 'Hope it not—fly before it is too late—before Huntly carries fire and sword through your halls. Merciful heaven! they are here, and you are lost.' 'Is it even so?' said the earl; 'nay, then, since Huntly is sent on this mission, my destruction is resolved on.' Soon were heard the dashing of the oars, and the loud shout of the Gordons as they advanced to the assault. At this moment, Dunbar, the youthful friend of Moray, hurried to him.—'Moray, it is useless to contend. Fly, I implore you. The eastern postern is still unguarded. Escape, I conjure you. Farewell.' And, wringing his hand, Dunbar resolved to save his friend by the sacrifice of himself, rushed into the thickest of the fight, and shouting the war cry of the earl, cried out, 'On, on, brave friends! Follow your lord, I will conquer, or perish!' His noble stratagem had the intended effect—that of drawing all the assailants to that side of the castle in the belief that it was the earl who led on the small band which now issued from the gates. With a yell of mingled hatred and revenge, the blood thirsty Gordons rushed on their prey. Then came the fierce encounter—the desperate struggle. The clash of weapons was mixed with the loud cries of 'a Stewart, a Stewart!' and 'a Gordon, a Gordon!' Cut off from his followers, hemmed around with enemies, Dunbar felt that his last hour was at hand;—but determined to sell his life dear, he dealt such blows as despair only can give, and performed prodigies of valor, till Huntly, pressing through the throng and assailing him from behind, thrust him through with his sword.—'Dastard, you have basely slain him on whose face thou daredst not look. May Moray's bitterest curse pursue thee!' As he uttered these words many weapons were sheathed in his body, and the heroic youth expired without a groan. As soon as Dunbar left them, Moray addressed the page. 'Good youth, save yourself. Take this purse as a small token of my gratitude. The rocks on the east side will afford you concealment till my foes depart. They seek me only. Fly, then good youth, and let not my last moments be embittered by witnessing your destruction'—Moray turned to leave the apartment. The page fell at his feet and clasped his knees.—'Moray, disdain not to seek safety in flight. O, hear me, I implore you, were it only to vindicate yourself from the aspersions of your enemies. Let us fly. Oh! horror, what do I see? They have fired the castle!' 'It is even so!' replied the earl. 'Boy, detain me not. I shall die as a soldier should, sword in hand, amidst my foes. But escape is yet in your power. If life be dear to you, lose not an instant.' The roar of the flames, the crashing of beams, and the shrieks of the Gordons became every moment more terrific. 'Oh! noble Moray, hear me yet again. Let us fly. We may yet be saved. Hear me, as you value your soul's peace!' 'By heavens! boy, sooner than sully mine honor by flight, I will bury myself under the smouldering ruins.' 'Then,' said the page, rising, 'we shall perish together. Oh! heavenly powers, that is Huntly's voice—he comes this way!' and the page in an agony of fear, covered his face with his small and delicately shaped hands. The truth flashed on Moray. He drew aside the hand, and glanced at the high commanding forehead, the raven locks, and the bloodless cheek. 'Generous woman!' he exclaimed, raising her in his arms, 'I will save you or perish.' Feeling that not an instant was to be lost, Moray hurried Lady Magdalene along the passage that led to the east postern. Perilous was the attempt—for on every side of the way which they must tread, the flames where bursting forth, and from time to time burning rafters, and half consumed beams fell almost on their path. But the cries of their pursuers, who had discovered that they were cheated of their prey, were borne to them on the blast, and with a courage arising from despair, the earl and his companion braved the devouring flames, and gaining the postern fled to the rocks. Here Moray seated his preserver, who averted her eyes from the blazing castle, but Moray gazed on the scene with a look of stern determination. At times the building was enveloped in a dark cloud of smoke—then again the red flames burst forth, and by their light Moray could discern the slaughter of his people by his merciless foes, whose savage shout of exultation and triumph gave added horror to the scene. 'By heaven!' said the earl, starting up, 'I were a base craven to sit here in safety, and see my faithful people murdered!' 'In safety saidst thou?' cried Huntly, whose sword gleamed on high. Lady Magdalene threw herself before Moray, and the weapon of her brother passed through her heart. Unconscious who was his victim, Huntly spurned the body aside and rushed on Moray. The struggle was fierce but brief. On the slippery rocks Huntly stumbled and fell. Moray stood over him, and already was the death blow descending, when with a savage yell a band of Gordons sprung on him, pierced him with innumerable wounds, and thus died the noble Earl of Moray."

THE TEMPLE OF BUTTERFLIES.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

The Chevalier de Boufflers, whom Delille characterised as "the honor of knighthood and flower of Troubadours," the erratic poet, the agreeable novelist, so long the delight of the saloons of Paris, the true sage who preferred the society of the Muses and the happy independence without which it is difficult to obtain their favors, to the splendor of wealth, or the glory of an illustrious name, was by turns an abbot, a colonel of hussars, a painter, an academician, a legislator, and, under all these characters, the most gay, careless, and witty of French cavaliers. I was long acquainted with this highly gifted man. I saw him in 1780 at the beautiful estate of Chantaloup, near Amboise, whether the Duke de Choiseul, then an exile from the court, attracted all the most distinguished men of France, whether for birth or merit. It was the focus of the most brilliant wits and beauties of the day. The Dutchess de Choiseul, whose memory is still cherished on the lovely banks of the Loire, had a regard for the Chevalier de Boufflers which did her honor; he was her companion in her walks, in the chase, and still more frequently in her visits to the cottages of the poor peasants, to whom this accomplished and excellent woman constantly administered comfort and assistance.

Madame de Choiseul, who was in her youth extremely intimate with Buffon, had imbibed from that celebrated man a strong taste for the observation of natural objects. Her library contained a complete collection of natural historians, ancient and modern; she was particularly fond of the study of Reaumur, who though he does not, like Buffon, describe the beauties of nature in a style of rich and varied eloquence, displays more patient and accurate observation.

This delightful and exhaustless study had inspired Madame de Choiseul with a new and fanciful idea.—Opposite to the windows of her own room she had erected a temple of gauze of antique form, and sheltered by an ample roof; during the summer she amused herself with collecting in this airy palace all the most beautiful butterflies of the country. A limpid brook flowed through the floor of turf, and the senses were feasted by the brilliant hues of the flowers, the refreshing coolness and balmy perfume of the air.

The Dutchess alone had a key of the Temple of Butterflies, which was peopled by the assiduity of the village girls of the neighborhood. They strove by presenting her with some new specimens, to obtain the privilege of speaking to their beloved patroness, and they were sure to receive a reward proportioned to the beauty and rarity of their offerings, so that the banks of the Cher and the Loire, and the extensive meadows which skirt them, were full of young girls with gauze nets in their hands, breathless with the chase of their frail and beautiful prey.

Boufflers was frequently a witness to the Dutchess's assiduous cares about her favorite temple. "Chevalier," said she to him, with an agreeable smile, "I run no risk in introducing you among my butterflies, they will take you for one of themselves, and will not be frightened."

On one occasion, when Madame de Choiseul was compelled by illness to keep her room for some weeks, she gave the key of her temple to the Chevalier, who found ample compensation for the trouble of the charge, in the pleasure of receiving the country girls who daily came to recruit the numerous family of butterflies. He encouraged them to talk about their rural sports, their love affairs, and all their little secrets; so that he was soon master of the chronicles of all the surrounding villages. In this way he frequently caught ideas and expressions with which he afterwards adorned his poems.

It was, however, remarkable that Boufflers almost always preferred the butterflies brought by the prettiest girls—his scrutiny turned rather upon their charming features, their natural and simple graces, than upon the objects it was his office to select. An engaging face, a graceful carriage, or a well turned person, was pretty sure not to be rejected; he was not very rigorous in his examination, and he trusted that the same indulgence would be extended to him. Thus the beautiful temple declined in splendour—but fewer poor little girls went away disappointed; and the Dutchess's bounty, passing through the easy hands of the Chevalier, was diffused more widely, and gladdened more hearts.

Among the villagers who came to offer Boufflers the fruits of their day's chase, he had frequently remarked a girl of about fifteen, whose large deep blue eyes, jet black eyebrows, rosy and laughing mouth, graceful and easy carriage, and sweet, penetrating voice, realized the most poetical descriptions of rural beauty. To crown her attractions, he found that she was the daughtee of a forester of Amboise, and that her name was Alina. This pretty name was the title of a tale of his which has been greatly admired. It may be imagined what an interest he took in this innocent and ingennous girl, with what pleasure he awarded her in the Duchess's name, and how eagerly he took advantage of the pretext afforded by the beauty of any one of her butterflies to double the gift, accompanying it with some protecting caress, and sometimes even with a kiss, which Alina thought too great an honor to be resented.

Boufflers soon drew from her the secrets of her guileless heart—he learnt how she loved Charles Verner, son of the keeper of the castle, but that his father opposed their fortune. Boufflers, who thought love levelled all distinctions, secretly resolved to serve the sweet Alina. He sent for Charles Verner, found him worthy to be the possessor of so lovely a creature, and spoke in his behalf to the Dutchess, who, wishing to have some fair pretext for contributing towards the marriage portion of the Chevalier's protegee, made it known to the neighborhood, that at the end of the season, she would give a prize of twenty-five louis d'ors to the girl who had brought her the greatest number of rare and beautiful butterflies. The emulation excited among the young villagers may easily be imagined—and whether it was that the fresh verdure of Alina's native forest of Amboise was propitious to her, or whether she was more agile and dexterous than the others, it fell out that she often presented Madame de Choiseul, through her kind protector, the butterflies upon which Reaumur had fixed the highest value.

One day when the Duke and Duchess, accompanied by the numerous train of nobles and ladies who formed the usual society of Chantaloup, were walking up in that part of the park bordering on the forest, Alina, with a gauze net in her hand, and panting for breath, came running joyously up to Boufflers, and said to him with that innocent familiarity he had encouraged in her—"Look Monsieur de Chevalier, what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them."—This speech was susceptible of an application so curiously fitted to the known character of Boufflers, that every body laughed. He took the butterflies from Alina's hands, and told her they were really of a rare and most valuable kind—one, especially, which with its four azure wings of enormous size, studded with flame colored eyes, and its long black proboscis, supplied the only deficiency in the temple, and completed the Duchess's immense collection. It was instantly decided that Alina had won the promised prize, she soon after received it from the hands of Madame de Choiseul, and Boufflers added a golden cross, which Alina promised to wear as long as she lived.

It was now the middle of autumn, and as

the pleasures of Paris became daily more brilliant and inviting, the Chevalier de Boufflers could not resist their attractions, though he left the delightful abode of Chanteloup with regret. Before he went away he saw the sweet girl whose name, countenance and disposition, had so deeply interested him, and obtained from the father of her lover the promise that he would consent to their marriage as soon as Alina had a sufficient portion. He recommended her warmly to the Dutchess's kindness, and departed for the capital. He was welcomed back to the society he adorned by his wit, tempered as it was by grace and courtesy, and by the exhaustless fertility of his fancy.

A short time after, the Duke de Choiseul quitted a world in which he had exercised such a vast power, and so courageously withstood his numerous enemies. His widow was compelled to sacrifice nearly the whole of her own fortune to pay the enormous debts contracted by her husband, who had outdone all the nobles of the court in magnificence. She sold the estate of Chanteloup to the excellent Duke de Pouthiovre, and went to live at Paris in the midst of her old friends. Alina, thus deprived of her illustrious patroness, lost all hopes of being united to Charles Verner, whose father remained inflexible, and the young man, in a fit of desperation, enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. Boufflers heard of this. By a fortunate chance the Colonel of the regiment was his near relative and friend, and Charles did so much credit to his recommendation, that he soon rose to the rank of Mareschal des Logis. On his first leave of absence he hastened to Chanteloup, where he found his beloved Alina provided with a sufficient portion by the Chevalier's generosity; the old keeper no longer withheld his consent, and the lovers were united, jointly imploring a thousand blessings for their benefactors.

Twenty years passed away, and France fell into the confusion of political dissensions, and, at length, into all the horrors of the Revolution. Boufflers, though friendly to all the opinions which were then propagated by the true lovers of liberty, was compelled, after the deplorable 10th of August, 1792, to quit France, and take refuge in Berlin. Prince Henry and the king of Prussia, after keeping him for some time with them, gave him an estate in Poland, where, like a true French knight, he founded a colony for all the emigrants who were driven from their unhappy country. But in spite of all the advantages, and all the consolations he received in foreign lands, he never ceased to sigh after Paris, where he had passed the early part of his life in that atmosphere of pleasure and of urbanity which was not to be found in any other capital in Europe. Thither his family, his friends, his most cherished habits, all called him. The compliments paid him on his poems, only served to remind him of the lovely and captivating women who had inspired them; those on his novel of the delights of Chanteloup, of the amiable Duchess de Choisel, (who had survived her husband only a few years,) and of the Temple of Butterflies.

The storm of the Revolution having subsided, many proscribed persons obtained leave to return to France; among these was Boufflers, who left Poland, travelling homeward hrough Bohemia, Bavaria and Switzerland. He wished to re-visit the beautiful shores of the lake of Geneva, where, thirty years ago, he had passed a time which he never recurred to without animation and delight. He therefore stopped at Lausanne, and fearing lest his name might expose him to some disagreeable curiosity or supervision, he had furnished himself with a passport under the name of Foubers, a French painter. In this character, which he had more than once assumed before, he presented himself in the first houses in Lausanne, where he was soon received with all the attentions due to genuine talent, embellished by wit and great knowledge of the world. The rage for M. Foubers, and for his fine miniature portraits, was universal. As he was anxious to obtain beautiful subjects, he was constantly told that he ought to paint the Countess de Lauterbach; she was described to him as a lady of French origin, and the widow of a Bavarian general, who, at his death, had left her considerable property, including a magnificent estate situated on the banks of the lake, at afew miles from Lausanne. She was universally spoken of for her beauty, her grace, and above all, for that obliging affability which wins all hearts.—How many stimulants to Boufflers' curiosity! Nor was it long ungratified. At a fete given by one of the principal citizens of Lausanne, the beautiful Countess of Lauterbach was present, and not only justified all his expectations, but enchanted him by that inimitable grace which distinguished his country-women.

On the day appointed an elegant cateche stopped at the door of his lodging, and conveyed him to the chateau de St. Sulpice, situated on the banks of the lake, opposite to the superb amphitheatre traced by the Alps on the horizon. Boufflers arrived; he crossed a spacious outer court, passed through a handsome hall and entered a vast saloon, in which every thing announced opulence and the most exquisite taste. On one side of the room hung a full length portrait of the late Dutchess de Choiseul, seated near the Temple of Butterflies, with a volume of Boufflers' works in her hand. The Chevalier could not control the emotions which agitated him and forced tears from his eyes. "What recollections!" exclaimed he involuntarily: "this Countess de Lauterbach must certainly be of the Choiseul family. I shall like her the better." Whilst he gave himself up to his reflection, a chamberlain came to tell him that his lady would be occupied for a short time, that she begged M. Foubers to excuse her, and desired him to ask whether he would be pleased to walk into her plantation a la Francoise. Boufflers followed his conductor through a long suite of apartments, all furnished with wonderful magnificence and variety. He entered an avenue of limes, and at the first turning, he saw under the shade of some very large trees, a temple of gauze precisely like the Duchess de Choiseul's. The temple was filled with the most beautiful butterflies of every species, and over the door was an inscription in verse which Boufflers had formerly written over the entrance to the temple of Chanteloup, and even the handwriting was so exactly his own, that he stood before it agitated, yet motionless with astonishment, and thought himself transported by magic to the banks of the Loire.—But his surprise was increased, and his emotion heightened, when he saw advancing towards him, a young girl, of fourteen or fifteen, in the dress of the villagers of Lorraine, whose features, shape and gait, were so precisely those of the girl he remembered with so affectionate an interest, that he thought it was she herself, who stood before him, and whose deep rich voice met his ear—"your servant Monsieur de Boufflers," said she with a graceful courtesy, and presenting to him a little gauze net: "What do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge." "What are you—angel—sylph—enchantress?" "What! do you not remember Alina, the daughter of the forester of Amboise, who used so often to bring you butterflies?" "Do I dream!" said Boufflers rubbing his eyes, and taking the sweet girl's hand, he pressed it to his heart, and then to his lips: "Alina, lovely Alina!—it cannot be you!" "How! it cannot be!—Who then won the prize for the finest butterflies!—Who received from the hand of the Duchess, a prize of twenty five louis, and from your's, this golden cross, which I promised to wear as long as I live, and which I have never parted with for an instant?" "I do indeed remember that cross—it is the very one! never was illusion so perfect—never was a man so bewildered.—Divine creature, oh! take pity on the confusion into which you have thrown me. Your elegance betrays you. No, you are not a mere country girl. Tell me then, to whom am I indebted for the most delicious emotion I ever felt in my life!—Whence do you come?—Who are you?" "She is my daughter," cried the Countess de Lauterbach, suddenly stepping from the concealment of a thicket, and throwing herself into the arms of Boufflers. "My dear protector—kind author of my happiness and of my good fortune—behold the true Alina, the wife and widow of Charles Verner, whose only daughter stands before you. Your emotion, however strong, cannot equal mine." "How madam! are you not the simple village girl? Yes, yes, there are those large, deep-blue penetrating eyes—there is that expressive mouth—there is that enchanting smile; I could almost believe I can still see the traces of the kisses so innocently received. Good and beautiful as you were, you had a right to become what you now are. But tell me, how happened it that, for once, Fortune was not blind?—have the kindness to satisfy my curiosity; be consistent with the affection my dear Alina always had for me."—"Listen then," replied the Countess, with confiding delight.

"Charles, in whom you took such a generous interest, having distinguished himself by repeated acts of bravery, obtained a commission shortly after our marriage. The war which broke out between France and Germany, called him to the field, and I followed him. He afterwards rose to the rank of Colonel of cavalry, when he saved the life of the Count de Lauterbach, commander of a Bavarian division, on the field of battle; but in this act he received a mortal wound, and with his last breath recommended his wife and child, then an infant, to the General's care. Count Lauterbach thought that in no way could he so effectually prove his gratitude to his preserver, as by becoming the husband of his widow, and the father of his child. After a few years of a happy union, he died of the numerous wounds he had received, leaving me a large fortune, and a revered and cherished memory. At that time," added the Countess, "I knew that you had been compelled to quit France and to take refuge in Prussia: I left no means untried to discover the place of your residence; but your change of name, your travelling as a French painter, as you have so often done, always prevented my accomplishing the most ardent wishes of my heart. Judge what was my emotion on meeting you the other day at Lausanne. I instantly determined to prove to you, in some degree at least, my joy and gratitude; and taking advantage of my daughter's age, and of her perfect resemblance to that Alina who owed to you the hand of Charles Verner, and all that she has subsequently possessed or enjoyed, I made use of your own colours; I copied the most beautiful scene of your elegant story, which I have read so often—In short, I tried to enchant you with your own enchantments."

"Ah!" exclaimed Boufflers, pressing the mother and daughter to his heart, "never shall I forget this ingenious delicacy! it is true that the memory of the heart is indestructible in women; and I see that the little good one may be able to do to the simplest village girl, may become a capital which gratitude will repay with interest."

Lights and shadows of a Sailor's life.

THE ALLIGATOR.

Some years ago, I was an occasional resident among the mahogany cutters of Honduras, being then in charge of a small coasting schooner, that was employed to carry down ventures of goods imported from Britain, to the frontier settlements on the Spanish Main, as the sea of Honduras is usually termed, in those latitudes. Bellese, to the eye of the traveller, calls up the common remembrance of some of those antique Chinese pictures that are to be met with in most of the tea depots in London; to me its white pagoda looking houses, rising over groves of tamarind and orange trees, and surmounted, in many places, by the lofty and graceful foliage of the cocoa, its green verandalls, and balconies of trellis-work, its romantic island fortalice, with its negro sentinels, marching the narrow limits of their parade, and the extensive variety of small craft, resting at anchor, or shooting about like sea birds, brought afresh all the traditions of those sunny regions which I had gathered in my youth, from the nursery tales and pictures that were put into my hands. And the bridge; all who have seen Bellese, must remember that place of rendezvous; it is the only lounge of the settlement and it is there that all classes of its inhabitants resort after the eight o'clock gun has given respite to the labours of the day. The young English clerk and store-keepers, (superior kind of slaves,) may be seen there, leaning languidly on its white palisade, at a respectful distance from their employers, with sunken cheeks and melancholy eyes, and gazing towards the offing, where the vessels are lying at anchor that are bound for their own native country. Oh, what fruitless wishes might not those long looks call up in their home-sick bosoms! When I first observed these pale, thoughtless groups, and could enter a little into their feelings, I remembered the "Bridge of Sighs" in Venice, and felt that there the same appellation might have been conferred with equal truth. There, also, the sea-faring people are frequently collected in the evening; American and coasting skippers, with their blue nankeen jackets and slouched hats, every feature in their dark intelligent faces compressed for a discussion of their favorite topic of business, or the enjoyment of their large strong flavored segars; and British ship-masters, with their tales of Old England that give such a charm to their society, and their loud and careless merriment, that is so seldom echoed by their home-sick listeners.

The last time that I stood on that "Bridge of Sighs," is associated with the most painful remembrances. It was, I recollect, upon a very close sultry night, during one of the latter months of the wet season—not a breath of air was stirring, and the moschetoes and sand flies had driven all the stragglers to the bridge. I had never seen it more crowded. All the grades I have remarked were there—store-keepers, Americans, and ship captains, with a numerous addition of creoles, and black people, who had come down the river from "Free Town," and were watching the market craft that was fastened to the landing place. It was usual at this time for the market house to be cleaned out, after sun-down, and the offals of the meat thrown into the river. That circumstance frequently attracted the Alligator, in its quest of prey, to the neighborhood, and several had been seen during the period of my residence there, crawling among the huge wooden supporters of that side of the market house which projected over the bank. During this evening, the strong musty effluvia, common to these creatures, was so particular, as almost to be sickening in its effects—and an unusual number of segars were shooting their small red lights through the dusk, like fire-flies, the broad dark water beneath the bridge, reflecting them back with their white wreathes of smoke from its glassy surface. A few acquaintances and myself, all fresh from the house of a certain French publican, named Joseph, were sitting at the edge of a *duree*, or canoe, hauled upon the landing, and singing an old Scotch ditty, when we observed a young Spaniard, whom he had remarked in the tavern, and knew to be the sailing master of a small cussing shallop, cunning, evidently much intoxicated, towards the bridge. He had been dissatisfied during the day, with the behaviour of his consigner, and his sense of insult being aggravated by the fumes of rum, he now sought to retaliate the abuse which he had received. One or two countrymen, who followed him, vainly endeavored to dissuade him from his resolution; and the sentinels on the bridge, with the same considerate feeling, drew up to oppose his passage. He was not, however, to be restrained; and being prevented from crossing the bridge, by the interference of the soldiers, he turned away, with a short indignant laugh, and proceeded with a quick, but unsteady step down the bank. At a little distance, having shaken off his companions, he abruptly turned round a corner of the market house, and plunged into the river. A cry of horror rose from the spectators—and though our fears for his safety were, for a moment, removed by his appearance above water, and his apparent strength in swimming, yet the evidence we had already received, of the neighborhood of the Alligator, tended to confirm the certainty of his destruction, and many a warning voice shouted to him to return. It was in vain—the devoted wretch answered with the same scornful laugh, and tossed his arms repeatedly over his head as if contemning the caution. The strong agitated trippling that marked the pursuit of the Alligator, was immediately perceptible upon the surface of the water, but the monster at first mistook his aim—for the Spaniard, now miserably alive to the sense of his danger, sprung completely out of the water, with a shrill, piercing cry that still rings in my ears, and struggled violently, but vainly to regain the bank.—The Alligator passed on, then turned with the slow and deliberate motion for which it is remarkable, and raising almost to the surface, showed its enormous jaws lifted to close upon its victim. All hopes were now at an end. The poor Spaniard disappeared in a moment, and his last cries of horror and despair gurgled through the water that glided over him.

From the New York Evening Post.

BURIAL OF ARNOLD,

Member of the Senior Class of Yale College.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Ye've gather'd to your place of prayer,
With slow and measured tread;
Your ranks are full, your mates are there,
But the soul of one has fled!

He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all;
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall!

Ye reckon up the days since he
Strode up that moss-worn aisle,
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
And his lips marked with a smile.

Oh! had it been but told you then
To mark whose lamp was dim;
From out yon rank of fresh lipp'd men,
Would ye have singled him!

Whose was the sinewy arm, which flung
Defiance to the ring?
Whose laugh of victory loudest rung,
Yet not for glorying!

Whose heart in generous deed and thought,
No rivalry could brook,
And yet distinction claiming not?
There lies he; go and look.

On, now: the requiem is done,
The last deep prayer is said;
On to his burial, comrades, on,
With the noblest of the dead!

Slow—for it presses heavily—
It is a man ye bear;
Slow—for our thoughts dwell pensively
On the noble sleeper there.

Tread lightly, comrades! we have laid
His dark locks on his brow,
Like life, save deeper light and shade—
We'll not disturb them now.

Tread tightly! for 'tis beautiful
Those blue-veined eyelids sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull—
Its slumbers we will keep.

Rest, now. His journeying is done,
Your feet are on his sod;
Death's claim is on your champion;
He waiteth here his God.

Nay, turn and weep; 'tis manliness
To be heart-broken here;
For the grave of earth's best nobleness
Is watered by the tear.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS—No. 4.

Having now placed in strong contrast the doctrines of the Society of Friends, and those of Elias Hicks, my readers will be prepared for an examination of the views entertained by the Friends who met at Green Street. The following paragraphs contains sentiments and confessions which are both curious and important.

"Our early Friends gave ample proofs of the tendency and influence of the "new commandment," which Christ gave to his disciples, when he said "a new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another, as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." Through an obedience to it they became known and distinguished, acting under its influence and government, they were made powerful instruments in opening the door of gospel liberty, and removing many of the fetters that had been formed in the dark nights of superstition and error that preceded them. Hence they were prepared to promulgate the glorious truth that GOD *alone is the sovereign Lord of conscience*, and that with this undeniable right to power, civil or ecclesiastical, should ever interfere. This blessed liberty was amply enjoyed among themselves, and through faithfulness—not to speculative opinions, but to the light of CHRIST within; they were thus united in the one eternal, unchangeable spirit, and by it became of one heart and one mind.****Through their instrumentality, with the blessing of the Almighty upon their labours, our religious Society became possessed of this very important spiritual inheritance, and we feel bound to endeavour to preserve it, unfettered by the hand of man, and unalloyed with prescribed modes of faith, framed in the will and wisdom of the creature." Epistle of the 4th mo. p. 6.

"The principal objects of our religious association, are the public worship of God; the edification and comfort of each other; the strengthening of the weak, and the recovery of those who have wandered from the way of peace and safety."

"It is only under the influence of gospel love that these objects can be attained. Whenever any among us so far forsake this *fundamental principle* of our union, as to act in the spirit of strife and discord, and to oppose and condemn their brethren, who may conscientiously differ from them in opinion, they break the bond of gospel fellowship, and as far as their influence extends, frustrate the design of religious Society. If such, after the use of proper means, cannot be reclaimed, the peace and harmony, and welfare of the body, require that they should be separated from our communion." Epistle of the 5th mo. p. 6.

If we examine these paragraphs in detail, we shall find them to be a singular mixture of truth and error, and inconsistency. The first assertion is, that it was by obedience to the new command of loving one another, that our early friends, were made powerful instruments in removing the fetters of superstition and error. If I understand the meaning of the terms, there is about as much propriety in this language, as in saying that the sense of smelling enables us to see; for the disciples of Christ "love one another" through the effects of his spirit on the heart and affections; and they detect and refute errors through its operation on the understanding, which are two very distinct things. "That God alone is the sovereign Lord of conscience" is indeed "a great and glorious truth." But if it is meant that "no ecclesiastical power" ought ever to interfere with the opinions of men, or that the Society of Friends allowed to its members the utmost liberty of holding what opinions they pleased, the epistle itself refutes the assertion. For what says the next sentence? that "they became of one heart and one mind:" united in love, in sentiment, in doctrine (sic.) All who were not thus with them, were not of them, and were disowned by them, and excluded from *their* fellowship. We have only to read their books to learn this. The "blessed liberty" into which they were led by the light of Christ, was a freedom from sin. For it is a contradiction in terms to assert that they could be united in that light, and yet left free to believe as they pleased, upon the essential doctrines of Revelation. The mere loving of one another could not therefore have been the sole bond, and the "fundamental principle" of their union. To the greater part of the extract from the epistle of the 6th mo. I freely subscribe. For how stand the facts? The Society had held certain doctrines in peace and harmony, for more than a century. Elias Hicks, it appears, attacks what he calls the vulgar error, and opposes and condemns his brethren who conscientiously adhere to it. *Let the epistle pronounce his sentence.* "He has broken the bonds of gospel fellowship; and if he cannot be reclaimed, the peace and harmony, and welfare of the body, require that he should be separated from our communion." The epistle admits that faithfulness to the light of Christ within united Friends in the *unchangeable spirit*, and made them of one heart and *one mind*. It was of necessity therefore, to put the question of "what conclave thou?" as of "how livest thou?" And it is in vain for the epistle to attempt to brand those whose duty it may be to condemn in their fellow-members, opinions which are inconsistent with the doctrines of the Society, as acting in the spirit of strife and discord. The grievance, if it be such, must be laid at the door of those through whom the offence came. The authority of Robert Barclay, upon this point, is clear and decisive. "Were such a principle to be received or believed," says he, "that in the church of Christ no man should be separated from, no man condemned, or excluded, the fellowship and communion of the body, for his judgement or opinion in matter of faith, than what blasphemies so horrible, what heresies so damnable, what doctrines of Devils, but might harbour themselves in the church of Christ? What need then of sound doctrine if no doctrine make unsound? What need of convincing and reproving gainsayers, if to gainsay be no crime? Where should the unity of the faith be? Were not this an inlet to all manner of abominations? and to make void the whole tendency of Christ's and his Apostles' doctrine? and to render the gospel of none effect? and give liberty to the inconstant and giddy will of man, to innovate, alter, and overturn it at his pleasure? so that from all that is above mentioned, we do safely conclude, that where a people are gathered together into the belief of the principles and doctrines of the gospel of Christ, if any of that people shall go from their principles, and assert things false, and contrary to what they have already received, such as stand and abide firm in the faith, have power by the spirit of God, after they have used Christian endeavours, to convince and reclaim them, upon their obstinacy to separate from such, and to exclude them from their spiritual fellowship and communion: for otherways, if this be denied, farewell to all Christianity, or to the maintaining any sound doctrine in the church of Christ." Anarchy of the Ranters, sect. 6.

MELANCTHON.

a. For a full investigation of this point, performed with great care and judgment, the reader is referred to "a defence of the Christian doctrines of the Society of Friends, &c." published in Philadelphia in 1825; a work which remains to this day unanswered, and unanswerable!

THE EVENING POST.

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LITERARY.

A new Quarterly Review of Foreign Literature and Science is about to be established in London. The London Literary Gazette, says—"we understand that the Editors make no vain boast, when they assert that they have already secured the cooperation of many of the most eminent men of letters in England and Scotland."

Messrs. Carey, Lea and Carey have received a portion of Mr. Cooper's new novel "*The Red Rover*," and will immediately put it to press.

Gilligani's edition of the works of Sir Walter Scott is indeed a beautiful specimen of typographical execution. The whole of his prose works will be comprised in five octave volumes containing more than 800 pages each. His poetical works will be comprised in one volume. Three volumes are already before the public, Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey have imported a number of copies; they have also the works of Thomas Moore and Lord Byron printed in similar style.

Sandy Springs, Montgomery county, Md. August 24th, 1827.

Messrs. Atkinson & Alexander

I this day for the first time, saw in your paper of the 18th instant, a notice of the death of William Darby, on the 30th ult. in Frederick county. I had been previously informed by letter from Henry S. Tanner, that such a report was in circulation. Before I actually read the account, I had thought that some unworthy design had prompted so very unfounded a report; but the friendly tenor of the notice has convinced me that the whole affair has originated from some unexplained mistake. I have consulted some of my neighbours, but none has attempted to unravel the mystery. There are in this county several families of the name of Darby, but no report of a recent death amongst them has been published to my knowledge.

As to myself, my life has not flowed in so mirthful a current as to render its continuance a subject of much anxiety, but as I have a family, many aims to repeat of, and some infirmities to amend, as well as much projected duty to perform, I would, if I had my own choice, prefer living a little longer. I am now engaged on a "Philosophical view of the United States," and have in some preparation material for a future edition of my Geographical Dictionary. In brief, I have sufficient work cut out for ten years assiduous labour. Such a term will bring the eve of the grand climacteric, when I hope to be more resigned, and better prepared than I am at present, to *leave the warm precincts of the cheerful day.* WILLIAM DARBY.

A correspondent at Saint de Ste. Marie, under date of August 11, 1827, writes—"I had the pleasure of seeing the meritorious and enterprizing Captain Franklin (Land Arctic Expedition) on the 4th inst. he arrived here about 10 o'clock in the morning, and proceeded on his route for Montreal."

Another letter says—"Our last arrivals from Green Bay report that about 500 Winnebagoes were at the treaty ground, about 40 miles above that place—that they disclaim any participation in the late outrages committed by their tribe. The report also states that General Atkinson, commander at the Infantry School at Saint Louis, was on his march to the Winnebago nation. It is peculiarly fortunate that it has fallen upon Gen. A. to reconcile the existing difficulties with those misguided people, which his presence among them will no doubt speedily accomplish."

AURORA BOREALIS.

On Tuesday evening last, from half past 9 until half past 11 o'clock, our atmosphere exhibited this, to us, most unusual appearance of the Heavens. It began with a mild clear light in the northern horizon, precisely resembling the break of day—above which, at unequal distances, there shot forth numerous short lines or rays of light parallel to each other, or but slightly radiated, and forming a broken arch from N. W. to N. E. the highest point being about 30 degrees above the horizon, changing at intervals in size, and at times assuming a beautiful degree of brightness on the comparatively dark sky; above these rays a vapoury arch of light appeared, into which they gradually merged, giving it an additional brightness; imperceptibly the light sunk to a point a little North of West, from which it extended upwards nearly to the zenith in great beauty and clearness, encreasing in breadth as it rose, and resembled a vast stream of fire gushing forth from the mouth of some immense and far-distant volcano. This immense beam changed into two or three long narrow rays or rods of light, inclining South, which, in a short time, died away leaving an atmosphere so clear, that the dark vault of Heaven seemed to have doubled its innumerable host of Stars.—*Poulson.*

A young man named Jonathan Mendenhall, was drowned on Saturday night last, in one of the locks of the Schuylkill canal. It is stated that Mr. Mendenhall left the toll house, (a few feet from the lock) late in the evening—and owing to the upper lock) late in the evening—and owing to the darkness of the night missed the path and fell into the water. He was taken thence in about twenty minutes, but every effort to resuscitate him proved ineffectual.

On Saturday, as the workmen were blowing rocks at the quarries of Schuylkill Falls, by a severe charge, 2 stones weighing at least from 1500 to 2000 lbs each, were thrown into a stone dwelling on the banks of Schuylkill on the opposite side of the road; the stones entered the front door, taking the door with both jams of the wall along with them. The larger stone went through the partition of the next dwelling, destroying tables, chairs, furniture and crockery. Remarkable to relate, two women and a girl who were in the front room all providentially escaped, though one of them was thrown into the river and a little bruised.

The Charleston, S. C. Patriot states, that "Hannah Elliott, Simon, Sam, and Judy Nelson, free persons of colour, lately convicted under the act of 1740, for harboring, concealing, and entertaining two negro slaves, the property of Miss Ann Bishop, were sold as slaves at the N. E. corner of the Exchange on the 21st ultimo, in consequence of their being unable to pay the penalties specified by the above act."

The sale resulted as follows:

Hannah Elliott, was sold for	. . . .	$111
Judy Nelson,	do.	205
Simon Nelson,	do.	331
Sam Nelson,	do.	275
Total amount,	. . .	$942

APPLE TREES.

Mr. Lowell, of Roxbury, states in the New England Farmer, that a disease has this year appeared on many apple trees, which resembles in its effects the disease of the pear trees. It attacks the extremities, which die suddenly, and become hard and dry.

We noticed an accident a few days ago, by which a young man had his leg taken off.—He was on board of a sloop, near the windlass, while she was nearing the wharf, and his leg was caught between the windlass and the bite of the rope, and it took it clean off below the knee. The thing was done in an instant, and the young man was so astonished that he neither spoke, nor groaned, nor moved a muscle of his face. A physician made an artificial tourniquet with rope and splinters, and he was placed uncomplaining in a carriage. A person ran after the carriage, bearing the fractured limb, which he handed through the window to the sufferer; leg, boot and pantaloon, and he placed it on his lap very coolly. It was altogether a rare exhibition of social indifference under such a shocking calamity. We learn he is doing well.—*N. Y. Enquirer.*

From the New York Evening Post of Saturday.

PUBLIC CASTIGATION.

A rencontre took place this day in Exchange-street, between a Mr. Goddard, a gentleman of Boston, and a Mr. Vance of this place, in which the latter received a very severe cow-hiding in consequence of his having taken the unwarrantable liberty of publicly posting the former a few days since. It would seem that Mr. Vance was not altogether unapprised of the intention of his assailant, for after the first blow was given he presented a loaded pistol to the breast of Mr. G. which he fortunately parried, upon which Vance drew a second, which flashed in Mr. G's face, but did not go off—Mr. Goddard all the while applying the cow-hide. The bye-standers then interfering, prevented any further mischief.

From the Albany Argus, August 23.

THE EXECUTION OF STRANG.

The city yesterday was alive with strangers.—Early in the morning and until the hour of execution, every avenue leading to the city was thronged with vehicles; the steamboats that came up during the morning, and the ferry boats literally swarmed; and the streets and sidewalks were so filled by the passing crowds as to render it difficult to pursue the ordinary avocations.

So great was the concourse, that it was deemed expedient to accept the voluntary offers of the military, and between eleven and twelve in the forenoon, thirteen companies, one each from Troy, Greenbush, Schenectady and Bethlehem, formed, and marched to the place of execution.

This was in the valley, at the head of Beaver street, directly west of the Lancasterian Academy and the Gaol, and perhaps a quarter of a mile south of the capitol. From this valley, which forms a narrow flat, the hills upon three sides, rise abruptly to a considerable height, forming a perfect amphitheatre. The scaffold, therefore, was overlooked, and every movement connected with it, distinctly seen by the vast multitude that occupied all parts of the sides and summits of the eminences. It is believed that at least thirty thousand persons witnessed the ceremony on this occasion, one fifth of whom were females.

The scaffold was the centre of a circle of considerable magnitude, the inner line of which was guarded all around by the military two or three deep, under the command of Capt. Osborn, who officiated as marshall.—At about a quarter past one P. M. the prisoner, in a white hearse, ornamented with black, accompanied by the sheriff and guard and other civil officers, and by the Rev. Mr. Lacey, and escorted by the Albany Republican Artillery, passed from the prison and proceeded on foot to the place of execution.

During several of the past days, Strang has appeared to be much softened, and to evince a considerable degree of penitence. He was visited, and prayed with yesterday morning by the Rev Mr. Lacey, and during the forenoon, when not interrupted, was engaged in silent but constant prayer. He experienced no particular debility; and now ascended the steps of the scaffold with firmness. Addressing the multitude, he said, in an audible voice, that he perceived a great many people present, who had come, as he supposed, to witness his execution; and he hoped that it would lead them to reflect upon the effects of sin and lust, and induce them to avoid those acts for which he was about to suffer a painful and ignominious death. He hoped that they might go away with hearts impressed with contrition as his was. Then, holding a pamphlet in his hand, he said "This contains a full confession of the great transaction for which I am about to die, and every word that it contains, to the best of my knowledge and belief, is true: if there is a single word in it that is not true, it has been inserted by mistake and not by design." He added, that he had given it to Mr. Lacey, and handed the pamphlet to the Rev. Mr. Lacey.

The prayers prescribed by the episcopal church for such occasions were then read, which he appeared to join in earnestly. The sheriff then took a final leave of him, and was evidently much affected. The Rev. Mr. Lacey addressed him briefly, and also parted from him; as did also Mr. Becker, the gaoler. During the awful interval between ascending the scaffold and his death, he was composed, and not much agitated. At a quarter before two o'clock, he gave the signal, drew his cap over his face, the drop fell, and after struggling for a few minutes, the wretched man expired. He remained suspended for about half an hour, when his body was taken down and delivered to his friends for interment. In the mean time, the crowd gradually dispersed, peaceably, and as far as we have learned, without accident of any sort. The efficient precautionary measures taken by the sheriff and the civil authorities, were calculated to prevent or repress any tumult, though there was not, that we observed, the slightest tendency towards one.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Bolivar was at Porto Cabello on the 24th of July, having arrived there a few days before in a British frigate. A letter published in the Norwich, (Conn.) Courier, mentions that the attentions paid to them by the British resident there as popular. General Paez has given orders to have all the cannon mounted at Porto Cabello. We have nothing to indicate what course the Liberator intends to take, since the refusal of the Congress to accept his resignation. His popularity has suffered in that body, as appears by the very small majority in his favor.

The report of the conclusion of peace between Brazil and La Plata was undoubtedly premature. It was only reported at Rio; and subsequent letters from that port, from merchants and the American Consul, up to July 9th, are silent on the subject. The treaty has probably been sent to Buenos Ayres; and we shall soon learn the result.

THEATRICAL NOTICES.

The Circus at the corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, has under the superintendence of Mr. Cowell, been completely metamorphosed into one of the most commodious Theatres that we have known. The ring has been extended with a pit—which, however, does not fill the whole circle from the box to the orchestra—between the glass appropriated for the music, and the front seat of the pit, there is a range of Boxes commodiously furnished, capable of accommodating more than one hundred persons, who have all the advantages of seeing and hearing, which formerly belonged to the front part of the pit, and all the comforts and conveniences that appertain to the boxes. The Pit has received such a sweep by the new arrangements that every part of the stage becomes completely visible without the necessity of any persons standing, and as the entrance thereto as from the back, a large bulk head completely prevents the occupants of the front boxes, from being accommoded by those of the pit. The new arrangement of Orchestra boxes, gives the pit a different character from that which it had some three or five years since; that an air of gloom and lack of comfort that always gave it a chilly appearance, from its very great size is now removed, and the tasteful decorating of the boxes combined with all other arrangements, imparts to the whole an inviting appearance, and insures comfort while the performers attempt instruction and amusement. The house opened on Monday evening with the play of *John Bull*, and the farce of *White Lies*. The various parts were well sustained, and the audience testified much gratification—it was indeed a bumper, every part, Box, Orchestra, Pit and Gallery, completely filled, as earnest we trust of what the industry and care of the Manager will receive as a reward for his exertions during the season. The following Address written by a gentleman of this city, was spoken by Mr. Stark, on this occasion.

ADDRESS.

In olden times ere science was refin'd,
Or learning shed its lustre o'er the mind;
When superstition check'd the growth of art,
And fetter'd Poesy, soft queen of hearts!
The Drama had not shed her cheering light
To stop the poison, or to check its blight.
But when that heavy bondage of the mind
Was once removed, then science unconfin'd,
O'er the wide earth with high and eager flight,
Progress'd, still cheering us with holy light
The land which lit his harp in Minstrel's love,
Then first was sung the Dramas usual of genius;
Then fearless did the Thespian children hold
The glass where Nature might herself behold;
And useful lessons from the stage were to glit
Both with amusement and instruction fraught;
Vice, in her hideous format, was there portray'd,
Virtue held forth, in virgin robes array'd;
And as kind patronage their toils did cheer,
Still did the stage, to usefulness progress:
Here where Olympian games, once charm'd the sight,
Will now refulgent shine the drama's light,
No longer seeking to allure the eye,
We'll strive the heart to win—persuasive, the sigh
Of tender beauty, will the Tragic tone
Invoke, or gay Thalia mirth infuse.
Here to the sons of Freemen's rapture'd view,
The early stories of our clime renew;
'Tis meet to do so, for 'twill keep alive
The patriot glow, which should forever thrive.
Or from the lessons of the classic page,
Enact the stories of the golden age,
When hapless Greece was in her glory, free!
And Genius flourish'd, cheer'd by Liberty
Here then beneath this Thespian temple's dome,
The child of Genius shall find a home.
Fearless the faithful glass, to Folly's view
We'll hold, and sigh not, "if the mirror's true"
No longer superstition holds her reign,
Or hangs her gloom, on each dramatic fane.
Oh! long we trust the lessons we impart,
May cheer the virtuous, mend the vicious heart;
And scorn a thought to breathe, a word to speak,
That ere might crimson modest beauty's cheek.
On our commencement, on our progress smile,
And every doubt, and every fear beguile;
'Neath patronage the Drama ye shall find,
Will "mend the heart" and elevate the mind.

The Proscenium of the Tremont Theatre, Boston, has been raised, and nearly all the splendid scenery and stage machinery put up. The boxes have been painted once round and the artists are now engaged upon the ceiling. The whole is to be so far finished as to admit of performances by the middle of the next month. The Orchestra and Company are said to be the most powerful in the Union.

Mr. Burroughs is performing at Portland, Maine.—Mr. Stimpson's Corps of Equestrians closed a short season at Boston, last week, and have returned to Providence, R. I. where they were well received and supported.

The Circus in Portsmouth, N. H. is advertised to be sold at public auction on the 13th ult. The shares in the Company recently formed for building a Theatre in the same place are all subscribed for.

The proprietors of the New York Theatre, (Bowery,) have given an additional lease of four years to Mr. Gilfert, stating that the proof of confidence arose from the good faith every where observed in the different departments, together with the popular and judicious management of the whole establishment.

A great accession of talent is expected at the New York Park Theatre next season, together will several new and attractive pieces.—We have not yet heard the names of those expected but Mr. James Wallack, Mrs. Chas. Fisher and Mr. Horn, the celebrated singer. The regular company commence in a week.

Mr. Hackett, the comedian, has arrived at New York, in the Brighton, from London.

The London Courier gives the following article relating to theatricals:

"A plan is said to have been concerted for the total abolition of the star system, as it is called, at the regular Theatres, which only waits the arrival of Mr. Price to be confirmed. Should the managers and proprietors agree, each Theatre will gradually acquire a good company of actors, after the manner of the old school, which those managers, by their profligate competition, and high salaries given to individuals, have, during late years, totally undermined, merely to gratify the inordinate vanity and extravagant demands of actors who call themselves stars, nearly to their own ruin—and to the destruction of the character and attraction of the legitimate Drama." From this plan, if carried into effect, the audiences would reap great benefit; the substantial drama, which holds the mirror up to nature, would be re-established, and the morals of performers would be more equitably ranked and rewarded. Whether the benefits of the system would be extended to this country is a question of some difficulty as even supposing it adopted in England, we might still receive as stars those who should find it for their health or profit to cross the Atlantic; yet, no doubt, in some degree the same plan would be adopted here, and the nearer the better, if it establishes an improved taste, and brings a greater portion of talent into the companies of our theatres. Formerly it required a company of men of abilities to represent a sterling Comedy or Tragedy now, one man carries the whole, and the other performers by the contrast they present to the brilliancy of the master, help to increase his attractions at the expense of themselves, the public, and the author. As long as this method fills the houses, the managers are uninterested, although the public mourn over the nightly murder of Shakespeare. In England, however, it seems that the evil is about producing its own remedy, and it is fortunate that it is so, for its existence must eventually have eradicated all taste for the legitimate Drama.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

From a late London Paper.

THE GREEKS.

The Turks are entire masters of Attica, and all Northern Greece, while Ibrahim marches unmolested over every part of the Morea. Missolonghi, Modon, Tripolitza, Mulvoisi, Salona, Athens, have been successively reconquered; and of all the fruits which the Greeks acquired by the battles and victories of their six years' contest, nothing remains but Nauplia and the Castle of Corinth.—They have not elsewhere in Continental Greece a foot of land which they can call their own. What is still worse, they have lost the confidence which insures victory; and their enemies have gained an ascendancy

deserve any but the best judges. Newbold left Norfolk for Richmond, in the steamboat; and Mr. Kelling a few hours after chartered the steamboat Norfolk and went in pursuit of him. It appears by the Richmond Compiler, that T. P. Arbuckle was committed to Princess Ann jail, on Wednesday last, as an accomplice with John Newbold, Mr. Kelling and possessor of his property. Newbold absconded from Richmond shortly after the arrival of Kelling.

Convention.—A convention has been held recently in Trenton, for the purpose of procuring a revision of the constitution of New Jersey. After some very pertinent observations upon the propriety of such a convention, as regards the time and the object, a committee was appointed to draft a memorial to the state legislature. A committee of five was appointed to present the memorial, one thousand of which were to be printed for public distribution. The officers of the convention were Lewis Condict, of Morris, President; Robert M'Cheney, of Middlesex, Vice President, & J. Foster, of Gloucester, Secretary, and Edward Smith, assistant Secretary.

A person from Niagara district, Upper Canada, informs that the same sickness which prevailed so much last year, in that season thinning the ranks of the labourers and workmen on the Welland Canal at an alarming rate. Not less than thirty died in one day. So great is the panic that upwards of 200 men have quit the canal and are going away.

The Troy Budget contains an account of a Mr. Schuyler having been bit by a common black snake, and for several days the effect was doubtful. Nearly a fortnight has elapsed, and he has not wholly recovered. These reptiles are generally supposed not to be poisonous.

Peach Trade.—The quantity of Peaches taken from Burlington county, N. J. to New York, this season, is, we believe, unexampled. A gentleman on his return from that city, a few days since, informed us, that he met in one night, sixty-five waggons loaded with Peaches and Plums, for that market.

The storm which we experienced in this place on Sunday morning, commenced as early as Saturday, at 5 o'clock P. M. in Norfolk, and by Sunday morning the force of the gale was truly appalling. Injury was done to a Boston vessel, the Liberty, which was driven high and dry on the beach; one vessel was sunk at the wharf, and a pilot boat suffered considerably. A steam boat plying between Norfolk and Portsmouth was sunk, and a brick building was blown down. The crops of corn have been injured, and many fruit trees blown down.

From an extract in the American Farmer from 'Darby's Geographical Dictionary,' we take the following statistical particulars. The actual population of the United States, in 1826, was probably within a small fraction of twelve millions, of which the central basin, or basin of the Mississippi, contains three, and what is called the Atlantic slope, the remainder. But we find that in the last quarter of a century, while the entire population of the United States increased from 5,318,762, to 12,000,000, that of this central basin augmented from 300,000 to 3,000,000. The disparity of the two sections in the ratio of increase, will be at least as great during the next quarter of a century; and while the entire population in 1851, will be 26,955,121, that of the central basin will be 8,136,859. The Atlantic slope contains about 220,000 square miles, or 140,800,000 acres; that part of the central basin taken into this estimate, 800,000 square miles, or 512,000,000 acres; relative surface as 11 to 40. The density of population of the Atlantic slope is 38 1-3 to the square mile; of the central basin, only 5 to the square mile.—If the whole territory of the United States be included, the comparative population is only 4 1-3 to the square mile, but taking only the area actually embraced by the census of 1820, viz: about 800,000 square miles, it is 16. In 1850, the population of the Union, at a ratio of increase of three per cent. will be 364,554,000, of which aggregate amount 80,127,017 will be coloured. The central basin will probably have the superior population in 1850. Out of the total population in 1820, there were employed in manufactures only 349,247; in agriculture 1,881,409. From the view given of the classified population, it would appear that only about a fourth part of the whole were had any employment; but the census sunk down into the common class of *unemployed persons*, doctors, lawyers, teachers, magistrates, legislators, military men, and those living on the proceeds of realized capital. Of the states, Virginia contains 65,000 square miles, New York 46,000, and Maryland 11,000.

OBITUARY.

Died at sea, in June last, on his homeward passage from Carthagena, WM. R. BOONE, of Philadelphia, in the 30th year of his age.

Much more might be said in commemoration of the virtues of the deceased, than is commonly contained in a notice of this kind; but the writer having been attached to him for many years by the strongest ties of friendship, feels too poignantly his loss to dwell long upon the subject.

At the commencement of life, he was what the world calls fortunate, but in a few years was met by the withering blasts of adversity. Anxious to retrieve his fortune, his adventurous, enterprising mind led him to the adoption of unfavourable climes, in which he contracted the Yellow Fever, which in a few days numbered him with the dead. During his illness he suffered but little, and having fully anticipated the destroyer, he met him with perfect resignation.

Being an only son, the loss to his parents is almost inexpressible, as so much as their comfort and happiness, in their declining years was at his manly endowment to seek after independence.

He ranked as a brother, are imperishably inscribed on the tablets of his sisters hearts. Dear to them while living, he is doubly dear in death.

As a *friend*, he was ever true. As a man, he possessed an intelligent and cultivated mind; and although opposed to a display of what he considered morbid sensibility, he possessed a heart always influenced by the noblest feelings of humanity.

In the language of an elegant writer, I will simply say in his family:

"You have doubtless, considered who it is that has deprived you of this invaluable relative; a God of infinite wisdom, who never strikes but at the fittest moment; a God of equal goodness, who, without the strongest reason would not afflict, and a being of unbounded power, who is abundantly able to make up your loss, and open to you a thousand sources of comfort." E. P. A.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

Our reports from Charleston give two deaths by the yellow fever on the 15th ult. Private letters state, that the number effected by that fatal malady is very great. Seven were attacked on the 15th.

Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte came passenger in the William Byrne, arrived at New-York.

Accounts from various parts of England state the crops to be very promising. The weather was favorable, and more than an average crop was anticipated.

On Thursday week there were received at the N. York post office by foreign arrivals, 2,811 letters, and on Friday morning the number was 4,793—making a total in two days of 7,620.

Our Booksellers advertise the 'Epicurian,' a tale by Thomas Moore. The extracts from the work, which have been offered to the public, promise one of the richest treats that the genius of that pleasing writer has ever afforded.

The Mentor, arrived at Boston, from Hamburg, brought 182 Saxony Sheep.

Some person has attempted to poison a family of Shakers, containing 51 persons, in Enfield, Conn by throwing into the pump well a quantity of arsenic. One person only suffered severely. There was enough arsenic deposited to kill a thousand persons.

According to the report of MM. Pelletier and Caventou, to the French Academy of Medicine, 20,000 ounces of sulphate of quinia, was manufactured in 1826, in France.

At a recent meeting of the London Society of Arts, Lieutenant Hood, of the British Navy, received a large Silver Medal, for an Ice Saw for clearing a channel for ships navigating through ice.

Mr. J. Birdsal, of Sing Sing, killed a rattlesnake last week. Just before he came up to the snake, he saw several snakes making down the throat of the mother. On opening the snake, thirty-three young snakes were found, each ten inches long.

Captain Card, arrived at New York from Carthagena, reports that President Bolivar remained there on the 4th ultimo. It was understood he would proceed for Bogota on the 20th.

The two first editions of "Napoleon's history according to himself," edited by Gallois, have been sold in Paris, and a third has just appeared, enlarged with the addition of a number of particulars recounted by Napoleon himself.

Major General Jacob Brown, of the United States army, and suite, arrived in this city on Thursday afternoon, in the steamboat Trenton, on his return to Washington from the military tour which he has been engaged for two or three months past.

Two men near Red River in Louisiana, lately drank a gallon of whiskey upon a bet, in the space of a few minutes. The person who proposed the bet went for more, but on his return found the other lifeless.

The Rev. Mr. L. S. Ives, of Philadelphia, has been unanimously elected to the office of permanent assistant minister in the parish of Christ Church in the city of New York.

Seven hundred suits have been commenced before one judge in New Orleans for Militia Fines this summer—upon which suits $300 were soon paid.

An excessive drought prevails in Georgia. Whole cornfields are entirely destroyed.

The Nashville Banner says, half a dozen gentlemen have discontinued their subscriptions to that paper, avowedly because the editor preferred remaining at home with his family on the 4th July, to joining a party celebration of our great national anniversary.

The Annual Report of the American Education Society states that the population of the United States is advancing at the rate of one thousand every day—three hundred and sixty-five thousand a year.

At York, Upper Canada, lately, a person broke into Jail and stole $365 public cash!

As soon as the election of Gen Lafayette was known at Marseilles, the Americans in that town illuminated their hotels. The American vessels in the harbour also hoisted their colours in testimony of rejoicing upon the occasion.

In the British House of Commons, on the 28th June, Dr. Lushington gave notice of a motion, relative to the British "Brazilian Mining Company," which, he understood, "employed 700 slaves and were about to purchase seven hundred more."

The Tallahassee Advocate of the 4th ult. says that Judge Macomb has prepared for the press, an interesting work, in answer to several queries made by General La Fayette, to Gov. Duval, respecting the resources of Florida.

The Papyrotomia or gallery of cuttings was last exhibited at Kingston, Upper Canada. Master Hankes' profiles taken in the manner of Mr. Hubard, are said to be very striking likenesses.

A meeting of the grocers of Savannah was held on the 17th ultimo, at which they passed a resolution not to receive in payment of accounts the change bills, at present in circulation in that city, as they are a serious evil, and the banks are considered able to supply a sufficiency of silver change.

A Paris paper mentions that there seems to be a necessity for reducing the number of Theatres, billiard rooms and coffee houses in France, as they are becoming dangerous to the morals and manners of the people. The councils of many of the departments have passed resolutions upon the subject.

The Greek steam ship Enterprise, which sailed from Plymouth, England, on the 4th of June for Greece, returned on the 6th July, so much damaged, that it would take several weeks to repair her.

G. F. Weems, convicted in Boston of larceny, has been sentenced to four years imprisonment at hard labour in the state prison, and twenty days solitary confinement.

General Whitney, who has for many years kept the principal hotel on the American side of the Falls, has recently constructed a bridge from the north west side of Goat Island, to a point near the precipice, which affords a new and grand view of the great cataract, above and below.

Mrs. Whipple has left Albany and arrived at Otisco, Onondagua co. with her uncle Dr. K. V. R. Lansing, with whom she is to spend the season.

The New Brunswick Fredonian says—"The notorious counterfeiter and forger, John Smith, alias Reed, who was very recently lodged in the State Prison of New Jersey, has made his escape, and is now, or was a day or two since, at large."

In the Common Pleas Court in Franklin County, Pa. last week, twelve hundred dollars damages were given in a case of seduction.

Preparations are making, we understand, to build another Arcade in the City of New York, upon a large and extensive scale.

The number of foreign arrivals at N. York, for 7 months, ending Aug. 1, 1827, was 795—in Boston, same term, 411. This latter is a large comparative number, considering the difference of population, and internal navigation.

At a bear hunt in Pittsfield, Vermont, a few days ago, at which upwards of 100 persons were engaged, four bears were killed, and one cub taken alive.

The steamboat North America, Captain Cochran, arrived at Albany on Tuesday week, from New York, a few minutes after six o'clock, with about 500 passengers.

Amongst the imports into Constantinople from Greece, are mentioned the arrival of "1000 human heads, and 1200 pair of salted ears." They were intended for the special use of the Sultan.

Com. Rogers has returned to Washington, Col. B. Brearly is also in Washington, on a visit to the seat of government, preparatory to his leading the emigrant party of the Creek Indians to Arkansas. He expects to set out with them from Georgia, about the first day of October next.

A Mercantile expedition from Missouri to Santa Fee, Mexico, arrived at Franklin, Missouri, about the middle of July, with about $30,000 in specie, and several hundred mules. It proved a very profitable trip.

The patronage of the East India Company Directors is worth half a million sterling annually. Each Director may appoint to the value of £22,500 (about $100,000.)

Great complaints are made by the French editors, that they are obliged to send two of their gazettes every morning to the Censors, before they can be published.

A new Quarterly Review of Foreign Literature and Science is about to be established in London.

There is now living near Pontenevo, in Corsica, a shepherdess, who successively refused the hand of Augureau, then a Corporal, and of Bernadotte, then a Sergeant in that island. She little dreamt that she was declining to be a marschale of France, or the Queen of Sweden.

Arnott, in his recent 'Tour to the South of France,' says—

"It is almost worth while to go to Perpignan to see their national dances. I shall never forget when, as if by the touch of a magician, all the females were at a particular part of the tune seated on the shoulders of the men, and then put down again on terra firma, the evolutions in the dance being uninterrupted."

The Charleston Board of Health reports that 30 deaths occurred in that city, from the 12th to the 19th of August. Twenty of the deceased were white, and ten were black or coloured persons. Four of the whites were non-residents.—Four died of consumption, one by intemperance, three of bilious fever, and eight of yellow fever.

Com. Porter has addressed a letter to the editor of the Louisiana Advertiser, in which he explicitly denies having violated the neutrality of this country during his stay at Key West, as the Spanish Admiral has asserted. He also publishes a letter to Com. Ridgley, in which he makes the same declaration; at the same time assuring him, that if the United States' government should think otherwise, and notify him thereof, he will withdraw his flegt at once, provided the blockading squadron is not too strong.

A letter from a very respectable house in Hamburg, dated June 15, mentions that two hundred sheep which were to have been sent to Boston in the ship Mentor, while on their way to Hamburg from the interior, were all burnt up, the barn in which they over-night, being struck with lightning. What appears more singular is, that the sum of 23,000 marks banco was insured on these sheep, against the risk of fire, while on their way to Hamburgh. The letter states that the fact is undoubted, as the writer knows the persons who took the risk, and will have to pay the loss. The sheep were expected in Boston for sale the present month.

CANADA THISTLES.

A farmer in New York destroyed a quarter of an acre of Canada thistles some years since, by setting his boys to thrash and bruise them thoroughly to the ground as soon as the blossoms appeared. Another farmer states that salting sheep and horses among thistles will kill them in a short time.

WALKING MATCH.

Robert Skepper, the British pedestrian, has finished his arduous task of walking from Winchester to Farnham and back, fifty six miles, for twenty successive days. This feat is, we believe, the greatest of its kind ever performed in England or any other country.

LIST OF BROKEN BANKS.

Berkshire Bank, Pittsfield, Mass.
J. Baker's Exchange Bank, N. Y. City.
Plattsburgh Bank, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Greea County Bank, Catskill, N. Y.
Hudson Bank, Hudson, N. Y.
Jersey Bank, Jersey City, N. J.
Protection and Lombard, Jersey City, N. J.
State Bank at Trenton, N. J.
Eagle Bank, at New-Haven, Conn.
Derby Bank, Derby, Conn.
Farmer's Exchange Bank, Gloucester, R. I.
New Hope Bank, New Hope, Penn.
Silver Lake Bank, Montrose, Penn.
Northern Bank of Pennsylvania, Penn.
Laurel Bank, Del.
Bank of Columbia, at Washington, D. C.
Merchant's Bank of Alexandria, D. C.
Franklin Bank of Alexandria, D. C.
Darien Bank, Darien, Geo.
Castine Bank, Castine, Me.
Hallowell Bank, Kennebec, Me.
Kennebec Bank, Kennebec, Me.
Passamaquoddy Bank, Me.
Wiscasset Bank, Wiscasset, Me.
Detroit Bank, at Detroit, Michigan.
Upper Canada Bank, at Kingston, U. C.
Franklin Bank, N. J.
The Notes of the Marble Manufactory,
" Franklin Manufacturing Com.
" Clinton Manufacturing Com.
are of no value at all.

EGYPTIAN HUMANITY.

The following will remind the reader of Burke's eloquent and afflicting description of the cruelties of Hyder Ally in the Carnatic.

Extract of a letter dated Corfu, May 20.—"Ibrahim Pacha seems destined to destroy every living soul in the Peloponnesus. He hunts the inhabitants like wild beasts, and old men, women and children, who had fled to the mountain tops, are seen descending by hundreds upon the shores of the Morea, to implore the protection of the marines who frequent them.—On the 14th inst. 3 vessels charged with these unhappy beings, arrived at Zante; they were in tatters, barefooted, pale and wan: their feet were lacerated by the flints of the mountains, and their eyes sunk into their heads. The inhabitants hastened eagerly to give them bread, in order to prolong their existence for a few hours more. At this moment agents of the authorities arrived to give notice that the entry of these vessels into the port was prohibited; and the assembly of crowds was contrary to the police regulations. The men in arms implored that their families at least might remain in the island; but the orders given were peremptory, and they were compelled to re-embark.

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1827.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Emily's Ghost"—VIRGILIUS—is an interesting tale and will be inserted.

"The Reverse—a fragment," J. B. S was delayed in its transmission to us which will account for our not noticing it before—it shall have an early place.

Among the numerous contributions handed in this week, are the following:—

"The Discarded Lover,"—"The Travellers and Ferrymen," an original tale—"Mahtowa," OCTAVIAN—stanzas and prose extracts (original,) ERNESTINE—"To Caroline," and "The Rose," J. M. S.—stanzas, SYLVAN—"The Penitent's Death," REMINISCENCE—"Nobody," HOHNRAB—"The Lawyer and Pedlar," a true story, H. B. H—"an Original Tale," founded on fact, from a friend in Kentucky—"Farewell to Brandy wine," EMILY—"To Matilda," R. E. H. M. &c &c.

Marriages to insure a punctual admission into our columns must be signed by the person who hands them for publication. In all cases were such responsibility for their correctness is not assumed, these notices will be omitted.

It is only when, in the language of the poet, "some alarming shock of fate" draws public attention towards particular objects that we may hope to operate on the public mind, any salutary change with reference to the principles or practice connected with what may be deemed an abuse or misapplication of power. The recent execution of the wretched "Strang" at Albany, the notoriety of his crimes, the publicity of his trial, and all the circumstances connected with his guilt, and his punishment have again called public attention towards the propriety of capital punishment, and the manner in which they should be conducted so as not to attain the end proposed by such dreadful executions of the laws.

We confess ourselves to be of the number that sometimes doubt the authority of a human tribunal to send a fellow being into the world of spirits; arguments of much weight, which have occasionally been urged against capital punishment, and the opposing authorities, have appeared to lack the importance which the subject would demand.

The early command, if it be not a prophecy, that whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed, seems, notwithstanding its high authority, to be less catholic than those commands that apply to individual conduct, and has the appearance of being intended, as many other of its accompanying imperatives, for the actual state of society in which it was delivered, when little else than corporeal punishment could be inflicted on an offender; means of confinement at all supportable, being then unprovided, and amercements in prison little likely to produce benefit. This command of life for life, if it be admitted according to the letter, seems also to prove too much, as it brings in its train certain minor commands of "eye for eye," and "tooth for tooth," that stand abrogated by an express enactment of the great Christian lawgiver. With reference to this argument, it is, perhaps allowable by scripture, to pursue the course with those who offend against the wholesome provisions of society, which shall on the whole be most beneficial in its final operations upon that society, and the public at large, with reference also to the right which remains unforfeited by the offending individual—turning then from the question of the right of a human tribunal to take from man that life which the Almighty has breathed into his nostrils, we may with less liability to opposition, express a doubt of the propriety of public exhibitions, military parades, and religious processions, which are attendant upon public executions in this country. The motives which led to these exhibitions were undoubtedly pure. The object was to exhibit in the most public manner, the offender against human and divine laws—to mark his punishment with an ignominy which should check the cause of vice in the spectator, and lead him who was just initiated in crime, to calculate the value of a good name, and to contemplate the end of an evil course—and the attendance of religious officers to whisper the consolations of religion to the guilty soul—to point him when hope alone should rest, seemed due to the immortal part of him who had forfeited all claim to mercy for his body—and while these exhibitions were followed by the contemplated consequences, as undoubtedly for a time they were, there appeared no good reason for desiring their discontinuance; but facts have shown that these benefits are not now to be looked for from public executions—the place of death is surrounded by the idle and the dissolute, who scarcely pretermit their offensive habits while the culprit is struggling in the agonies of death—The convocation round a gallows has been for this last ten years in this country a scene of debauchery, and in more than one instance within our recollection have crimes resulted from an execution greater than that which led to it—pilfering, gambling and drunkenness are carried on within the purview of the gibbet, and lewdness and murder are the immediate consequences of the associations.—Experience has shown, strange as it may at first thought appear, that there is with us no species of public convocation that causes incontinently or protractedly such a mass of crime as the execution of a human being—public celebrations and military parades pass off without unpleasant results—but a congregation assembled expressly to witness the death of a fellow man is attended by, and results in crime and misery; and this perhaps is to be accounted for in the fact that few of delicate or refined feelings would repair to such a place; and those who go frequently, grow familiar with the worst consequences of crime, and do not hesitate to commit that whose punishment causes that of death—these and worse, are consequences of public executions, and it will be a matter of astonishment if the public voice hereafter do not require that they cease.

We have just received the following certificate, relative to the military proceedings of Mr Ennion Williams, who is a candidate for the Office of County Commissioner, and we unite with his friends in considering him entitled as a Citizen as well as a soldier to the favor he solicits.

In 1775 Ennion Williams was a partner in the very respectable mercantile house of Daniel Williams & Sons, in the Dry Goods and Shipping business in Philadelphia; when he became a member of the first Volunteer Companies raised in the city. He was a Major in the Pennsylvania Rifle Regiment, raised for the defence of our country, commanded by Colonel Commandant Samuel Miles, which marched to New York, and joined the army under General Washington. This Regiment was in the memorable battle on Long Island, in August, 1776, and suffered much.—Colonel Miles and Colonel Atlee were made prisoners, and the two Lieutenant colonels, Piper & Parry, were killed. The Regiment continued with General Washington in the States of New York and New Jersey, and its Riflemen obtained the confidence of the General, who exposed them continually upon the lines of the enemy. This regiment was at the capture of the Hessians at Trenton, and at the capture of the British near Princeton. It composed a part of the troops of his command, when General Mercer and a number of brave officers fell. The Regiment continued with General Washington until his arrival at Morristown in Jersey. The Major continued his command of Major Commandant, until the Regiment was dissolved, having the character of a good officer, and a respectable patriot, meriting the favourable opinion of his fellow citizens.

From personal knowledge of some, and official information of others of the facts mentioned therein, I certify the same to be true.

25th August, 1827. RICHARD PETERS.

Drawn numbers in the 13th Class Rhode Island Lottery.

37—15—19—39—32—12.

On the First of January, 1828, will be published the first number of the

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,

OR SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN THEOLOGICAL JOURNALS & REVIEWS.

AT a time when all the sciences are in a state of rapid improvement, and of extended application—when a greater degree of knowledge is pervading all classes of society—when the influence of genius and talent upon the condition of man is greater than at any former period, it is believed that a "Religious Magazine," upon an extensive and liberal plan, suited to all orthodox sects of Protestant Churches—and combining great variety and abundance with cheapness, will be an acceptable addition to the literature of the American religious public.

Such a Journal is now proposed to form by selections of the best articles from the various religious magazines and reviews of Europe. These are now numerous, and we have made such arrangements as will enable us to receive an extensive collection of them, without regard to denomination, at the earliest possible period. With this view, no labour or expense will be spared. These selections will be carefully made, with a reference solely to the merit of the papers, and their tendency to advance the interests of pure evangelical religion. No article which can afford grounds of offence to any orthodox Protestant denomination, will at any time be admitted. The general principles of the Christian Observer may be referred to as a standard by which we shall be guided. It is, however, distinctly stated, that we will not attempt to make the publication subservient to the purposes of any particular denomination. We shall select from Presbyterian or Episcopal, Methodist or Baptist writers, according as their papers shall best answer the avowed purposes of the publication.

When we look at the number of theological journals, especially in Great Britain, and see the ability with which most of the prominent topics of the day are made subservient to religious instruction, it is impossible to deny that the interests of our holy religion have received from the periodical press a most powerful support; and while it will be seen to be desirable that the influence of this knowledge and talent should extend to every family in our country, it will seem to be almost necessary in the clergyman who is anxious to discharge the duties of his sacred office with knowledge as well as with zeal.

Having access to all the sources of literary information, we shall be able to give our readers an early account of every new work which will tend to practical improvement or increase the stock of theological learning.

Such a Magazine would be invaluable in any country—but in one of so rapid a growth as ours, where we are from necessity so far behind the literature of Europe, it must be of peculiar importance. So strongly does this appear to us, that we are astonished that necessity had not earlier led to its publication. For several years past the "Museum," a literary journal, on the same plan, has been published with much success, in this city—and a *Medical* work, to be compiled in the same way, is just announced. Perhaps this project has been delayed by the republication, *entire*, of the Christian Observer. This excellent and popular work will no longer be reprinted here, and we shall make very copious selections from it.

A wide field of religious intelligence will be open to us, and we shall faithfully collect from it what is most important, and present it in a form as much condensed as propriety will permit.

Each monthly number of our work will contain three or four times as much matter as the Christian Observer, and will be printed in a style of great neatness. The early numbers will be adorned with engravings which are now preparing expressly for the work; and if its success enable us to do so, we shall continue to present a plate with every number. The expenses will be great, but we look to the religious public generally for a cordial support in our important enterprize.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Six dollars a year, if paid in advance.
Seven dollars and a half, if not in advance.
No subscription can be discontinued until all arrearages be paid—but the publisher reserves to himself the right of retaining the numbers in his own possession as collateral security.
The numbers will generally appear early in the month.
E. LITTELL,
sept 1—tf No. 88, Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
☞ An allowance will be made to persons who procure subscribers.

Mary S. Crim & Ann Stephens,

HAVING removed their residence, to No. 132 Arch Street, will resume the duties of their seminary on the 27th of 8th mo.

They will continue to instruct pupils in the usual branches of an English education, viz. Reading, Writing, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, (with the use of maps and globes) Astronomy, History, the Elements of Natural Philosophy, and Needle work.

Their proposed complement, of 12 pupils to board in the family, not being complete, they are prepared for the reception of more; and they hope, by their attention to the morals, and literary improvement of children entrusted to their care, to give every satisfaction to parents. For terms apply at the School.

N. B. A French teacher will attend those who wish it at an extra charge. sept 1—tf

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Wilbank, RICHARD TRAGHMAN, LLOYD, Esq. of Maryland, to Miss ANASTASIA DUANE, third daughter of Colonel William Duane, of this city.

On Thursday, the 23d ult. by John Shaw, Esq. Mr. THOMAS SHARP, to Miss HANNAH GRATHAN, both of Penn Township.

On the 14th of July, by John Shaw, Esq. Mr. JOHN COTMAN, of Philadelphia County, to Miss MARY FOSTER, of Montgomery county.

On the 29th of July, by John Shaw, Esq. Mr. SAMUEL SHAW, to Miss ANN BOYLE, both of Philadelphia county.

On Tuesday evening week, in Washington city, by the Rev. Dr. Laurie, THOMAS RANDALL, Esq. Judge of the Superior Court of Mobile Florida, to LAURA HENRIETTA, eldest daughter of William Wirt, Esq. Attorney General of the United States.

On Tuesday, the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. M'Cormick, Mr. ALEXANDER K. PAUL, of Georgetown, to Miss MARY ANN DORETT, of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 26th of July, by the Rev. Mr. Manning Force, Mr. ADAM DIALOGUE, to Miss SARAH HAMILTON, all of this city.

DIED.

On Thursday morning, the 30th ult. aged 40 years, ROBERT JAMISON, ship carpenter.

On Thursday morning, the 23d ult. after a short but severe illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. EVE CHRISTIANA RIZER, aged 39 years. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

On Friday evening, the 24th ult. Mr. MATTHIAS GEBLER, paying Teller in S. Girard's Bank.

On Tuesday, the 28th ult. Mrs MARGARET SWAN, aged 67 years.

On Wednesday morning, the 28th ult. aged 60 years, Mrs. ANN MARIA, consort of Mr. Henry Geisse.

On Monday, the 27th ult. Mrs SUSAN NEGUS, aged 25 years.

On Wednesday morning, the 29th ult. SARAH DAVIS, aged 17 years.

On Wednesday morning, the 29th ult. ROBERT HAYES, son of R. H. Manning.

On Wednesday morning, the 29th ult. at three o'clock, after a short and severe illness, Mr. THOMAS ELLIOT, late Deputy Sheriff.

On the 23d of July, after a short illness, while on a visit to her friends in this city, LYDIA M. HANSON, of Easton, Md. aged 20 years.

On Tuesday afternoon, the 28th ult. aged 19 years, Mr. HENRY MASON.

On Monday, the 26th ult. at Norfolk, aged 36 years, Mrs. SARAH S. SINCLAIR, consort of Commodore Arthur Sinclair, of the United States Navy.

The Rev. William H. Wilmer, D. D. Rector of Bruton Parish, and President of William and Mary College, whose death has been mentioned in the Recorder, the Petersburgh Intelligencer says:—"He was one of the most faithful of pastors—one of the best of men. A few months only have elapsed, since leaving an endeared and affectionate flock in Alexandria, D. C. to whom he had acceptably administered for many years, he removed to Williamsburg, with the hope of having a more extensive sphere of usefulness than he enjoyed as parish clergyman.

The long languishing College was reviving under the salutary influence of his high character, and seemed destined to regain the importance and celebrity it enjoyed in its best days: the church, for many years almost extinct, appeared about to be restored and its scattered congregation to be once more collected, a work of grace richly promising of good, seemed, under his zealous administrations, to be begun; when death suddenly interrupted his labors, leaving us another evidence of the uncertainty of human plans, and the vanity of human hopes—but "*the Lord reigneth.*"

Deaths during the past week.

	Adults.	Children.	Total
Philadelphia,	33	51	84
New-York,	39	85	124
Baltimore,	14	18	32

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS SINCE OUR LAST.

Ship Atlantic, M'Call, Leghorn, and 34 days, Gibraltar, mdze.
—— Alexander, Baldwin, 40 days, Liverpool, mdze.
—— Superb, George, Rotterdam, mdze.
—— La Fayette, Rutter, 42 days, Marseilles.
Brig Clothier, Chandler, 11 days, St. Andrews, plaister.
—— Volga, Cushing, 10 days, St. Andrews, plaister.
—— Forest, Brooke, 48 days, Bordeaux, wine, brandy, &c.
—— Heroine, Storer, 3 days, New York, sugar, coffee, &c.
—— Palm, Lincoln, 3 days, Boston, mdze.
—— Brilliant, Lant, 6 days, Boston, mdze.
—— Pilot, Milton, 6 days, Boston, fish, &c.
Danish Brig Isabella, Tybering, 15 days, Havana via Lazaretto, sugar, &c.
—— Mary Ann, Rugan, 15 days, Laguira.
—— Edward Thompson, Hutchins, 28 days, Pernambuco, mdze.
—— Matilda, Warner, 18 days, St. Croix, sugar.
—— Mars, Winn, 31 days, Hamburg, mdze.
—— Superior, Eliot, 10 days, Wilmington, mdze.
Schr. Franklin, Garrish, 10 days, Newburyport, fish.
—— Lovely Hope, Loring, 6 days, Boston, mdze.
—— Sally, Matthews, 5 days, Boston, fish.
—— Creole, Ross, 22 days, New Orleans, cotton.
—— Superior, Wilcox, 5 days, Hartford, cheese.
—— Diana, Peterson, 3 days, New York, pork.
—— Abira, Hall, 7 days, Providence, mdze.
—— Resolution, Smith, 3 days, New York, mdze.
—— Independence, Meiow, 5 days, Potomac, corn.
Sloop Betsy, Bassel, 6 days, New York, salt and shad.
—— Rising Sun, Hall, 6 days, Hartford, onions and salt.
—— Virginia, Briggs, 3 days, New York.
—— Boston Packet, Taylor, 2 days, New York, mdze.
—— Rising Sun, Clark, 3 days, Newport, mdze.
—— Ploughboy, Brown, 7 days, Newburyport, mackerel.
—— Pelican, Peterson, 4 days, New York, salt and mdze.

AT THE LAZARETTO.

Schr. Georgetown, Dennison, New York.

CLEARED.

Ship Charles Henry, Evans, Baltimore; Lancaster, Potts, Liverpool; Arab, Hall, City Point.
Brigs Richmond, McNeilage, Trinidad; Antelope, Case, St. Jago de Cuba; Eliza, Miercken, Vera Cruz; Acorn, Whitton, Boston; William, Myrick, New York; Frances, Croll, Savannah; John Wesley, Wheeler, Havana; Shawmut, Cobb, Boston.
Schrs. Commerce, Weeks, Baltimore; Hunker Hill, Knowlton, Salem, Mass; Mary Ann, Johnson, New York; Citizen, Crowell, St. Johns; Plymouth Dock, Lane, Boston; Leaper, Snow, New York; Herald, Briggs, Providence; Phoenix, Coulter, Havana; All Chance, Clark, Boston.
Sloop Lady Adams, Goldsmith, New York.

A Meeting of the Pennsylvania Society for discouraging the use of ardent spirits, will be held on Saturday evening next, at 8 o'clock, in the Session room in Cherry Alley, above Fifth street.

DAVID M'CLURE, *Rec. Sec'y.*

A special meeting of the Northern Sunday School Union, will be held at the Commissioners' Hall, N. L. in Third near Green Streets, on Tuesday evening next, at half past seven o'clock. The Members of the Institution, Ministers of the Gospel, conductors of Sunday Schools, and persons friendly to their promotion and support are particularly invited to attend.

JOSEPH WALTER, *President.*

"CICERONEAN LITERARY CIRCLE."

A stated meeting will be held at the Hall this evening, September 1, at half past seven o'clock. Election of officers. The Literary meetings will recommence on Tuesday evening next, September the 4th.

Wanted Immediately,

A HEALTHY Woman with a fresh breast of milk, to serve as Wet Nurse. None need apply unless they can come well recommended. Apply at No. 180 South Front Street. sept 1—1*

WM. & D. ASHTON,

RESPECTFULLY inform their patrons and the public that the duties of their seminaries will be resumed on Monday the 3d of September. sept 1—1t

PHILADELPHIA

THEATRE.

WALNUT STREET.

This Evening, September 1, 1827.

Will be presented, the Melo Drama of the

BROKEN SWORD.

To conclude with a Farce written by George Colemann, called

X Y Z

The public are respectfully informed that Mr. HAMBLIN is engaged for a few nights, and will make his first appearance on *Monday*, in Shakspeare's Tragedy of *Macbeth*.

MRS. OLDMIXON'S

Day School.

MRS. OLDMIXON has enlarged and removed her establishment for the education of Young Ladies, to Washington Square, 3d door below Locust street, where the usual course of studies will be resumed on Wednesday, September the 5th. The first masters are employed in every branch of useful, ornamental, and scientific information. A lady wanted as assistant in the French language. A young French lady will be preferred, to be taken as half boarder. None need apply who cannot speak French fluently. sept 1—cow3t

EDUCATION.

THE Subscribers respectfully announce that the duties of their CLASSICAL and ENGLISH ACADEMY, will be resumed on Monday, the 3d of September.

Information respecting the terms or mode of tuition, may be had of the Institution.

sept 1—tf T. WATSON & S. M. GAYLEY

On the 19th September

THE Drawing takes place of the largest and most brilliant Lottery now before the public.

UNION CANAL LOTTERY,

Thirty-Second Class.

Containing the handsome and splendid prizes of $25,000, $5,000, $3,000, $2,000, $1800, $1,104, 4 of $1,000, 10 of 500, &c. &c. &c.

Tickets $6; Halves $3; Quarters $1 50; Eighths 75 cents.

Apply for Lucky Nos. at

CONNER'S Truly Lucky Office,

No. 3 South Third Street.

☞ All orders meet prompt attention. Address W. C. Conner, Baltimore or Philadelphia.

☞ The drawing of the Monument Lottery, 13th Class, is expected to be received in this city on this day week. sept 1—tf

UNION CANAL LOTTERY.

THIRTY-SECOND CLASS—NEW SERIES.

To be drawn on the 19th Sept.

CAPITAL PRIZE $25,000.

Tickets $6; Halves $3; Quarters $1 50; Eighths 75 cts. Tickets and Shares for sale by

YATES & CO.

No. 132, Chesnut Street, 3d door below Fourth.

The following prizes have all been sold and paid at this Office within a few weeks, viz:

28, 45, 60, $10,000—4, 8, 58, 10,000—15, 2, 2, 10,000—14, 29, 40, 5,737—7, 8, 14, 5,000—20, 28, 34, 3,000—10, 11, 41, 2,500—21, 39, 44, 2,000—2, 24, 14, 1,500. Together with 38 of $1,000, and 94 of $500, &c. &c.

☞ Orders from the country promptly attended to. All Lottery and Exchange information given gratis.

YATES & CO. 1-7, Chesnut Street, Philad.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

FELLOW CITIZENS—A number of very respectable Citizens acquainted with my character, abilities, and standing in society, have encouraged my becoming a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, in my native County of Philadelphia.

I therefore solicit your suffrages in my favour at the next ensuing election. If this appeal to you for assistance at this period of age and of need should be attended with success, you may rely upon my exertions to merit the favour.

In the Pennsylvania Gazette, of October, 1775, there is an advertisement of David Williams & Sons, of which mercantile house I was a partner.

We were zealous friends to our country's cause, during the Revolution, and were among the foremost of the subscribers to the Non-Importation Agreement; which was "not to import any more from Great Britain, until our public grievances should be redressed." We freely received the Continental Currency, and as far as we could consistently, as citizens, endeavoured to promote the true interests of our Country. Since the establishment of Peace, my aim has been to merit the character of a useful Citizen—one of the objects in which I succeeded, was the arduous task of the settlement of a large body of uncultivated lands, containing above seventy thousand acres, in the western part of Pennsylvania—which required address, talent and industry to accomplish. It was necessary to open roads, erect bridges, build mills, &c. The inhabitants are now happily enjoying there the comforts and benefits of a highly cultivated and well improved settlement. After twelve years exertions a misfortune assailed me; my dwelling and improvements were destroy

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHARADES.

1. My first is a consecrating substance, found in flints, and an author of humanity, my second is a nicely made malt decoction, a delightful beverage, and my whole is a parental appellation for a vegetative.

2. For my first take what is in general denominated proverbially worthless; and for my second, take a small fruit, productive of numerous generative qualifications. Now combine me, and my whole when in season, will afford you a luscious gratification.

3. My first is a term used for the lustre of a diamond, my second is the particle by which sentences are joined; my third is a very powerful perfume, and my fourth which completes my whole, when formed in conjunction, with my former detached parts, will furnish you with two distinct fruits, although bearing the same surnames, one of which only is of a most fragrant nature.

NAME ME IF YOU CAN.

Although I am no proteus, notwithstanding I am compelled to represent various characters, and assume various properties, and still am considered a stupid animal, but independent of the truth of this allegation, such is my cunning that I have been known to practice great impositions, and play trick after trick, cheating with impunity. But before I proceed any further to delineate my numerous qualifications, it is but fair play, that I should furnish you with a share, to enable you to [illegible] upon